Saturday Review
September 4, 1976
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# The South as the New America

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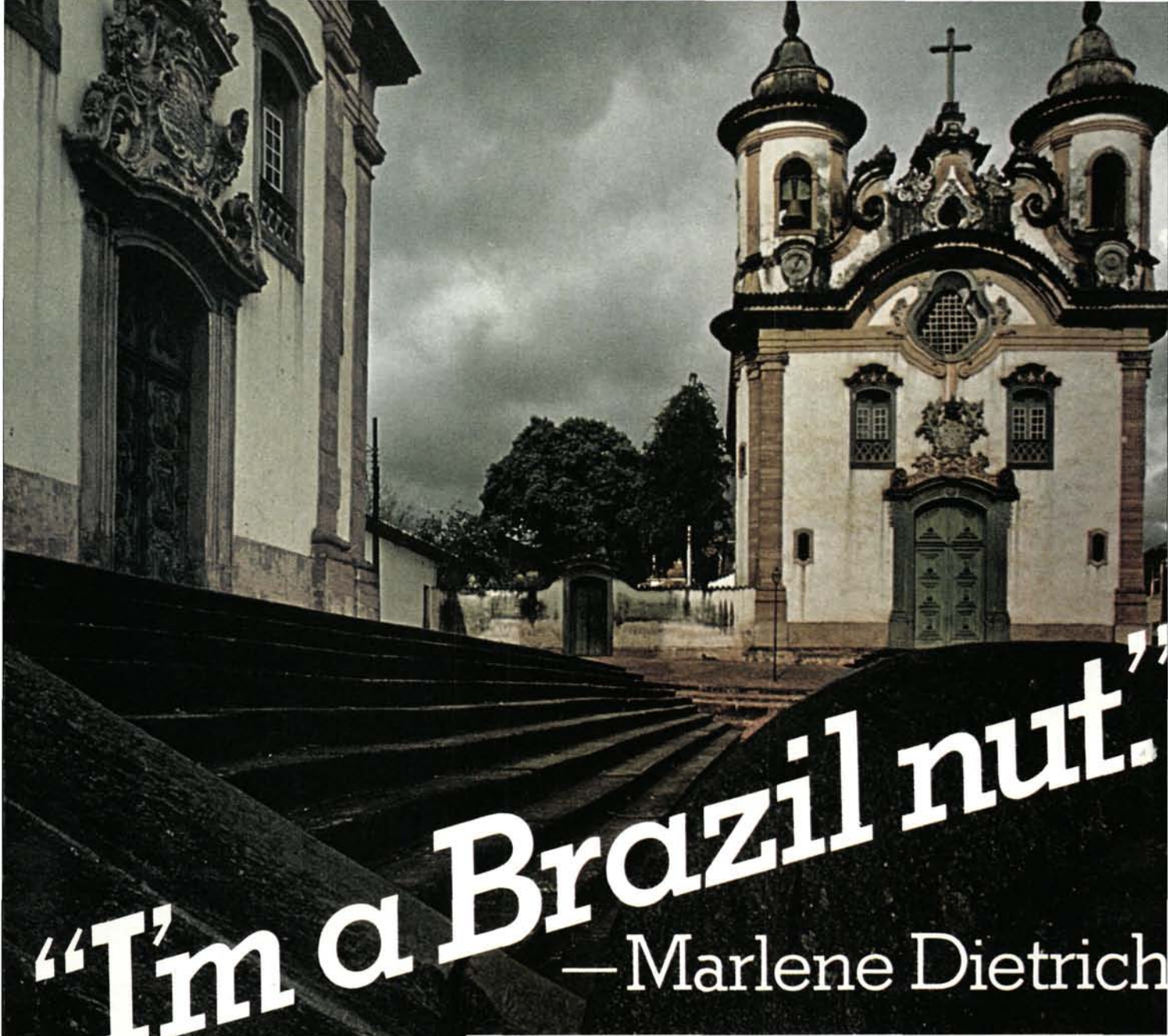

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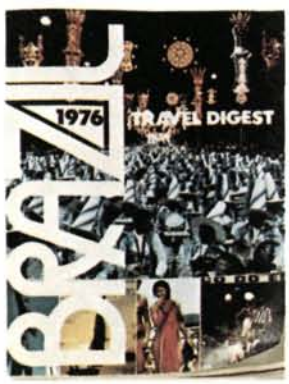


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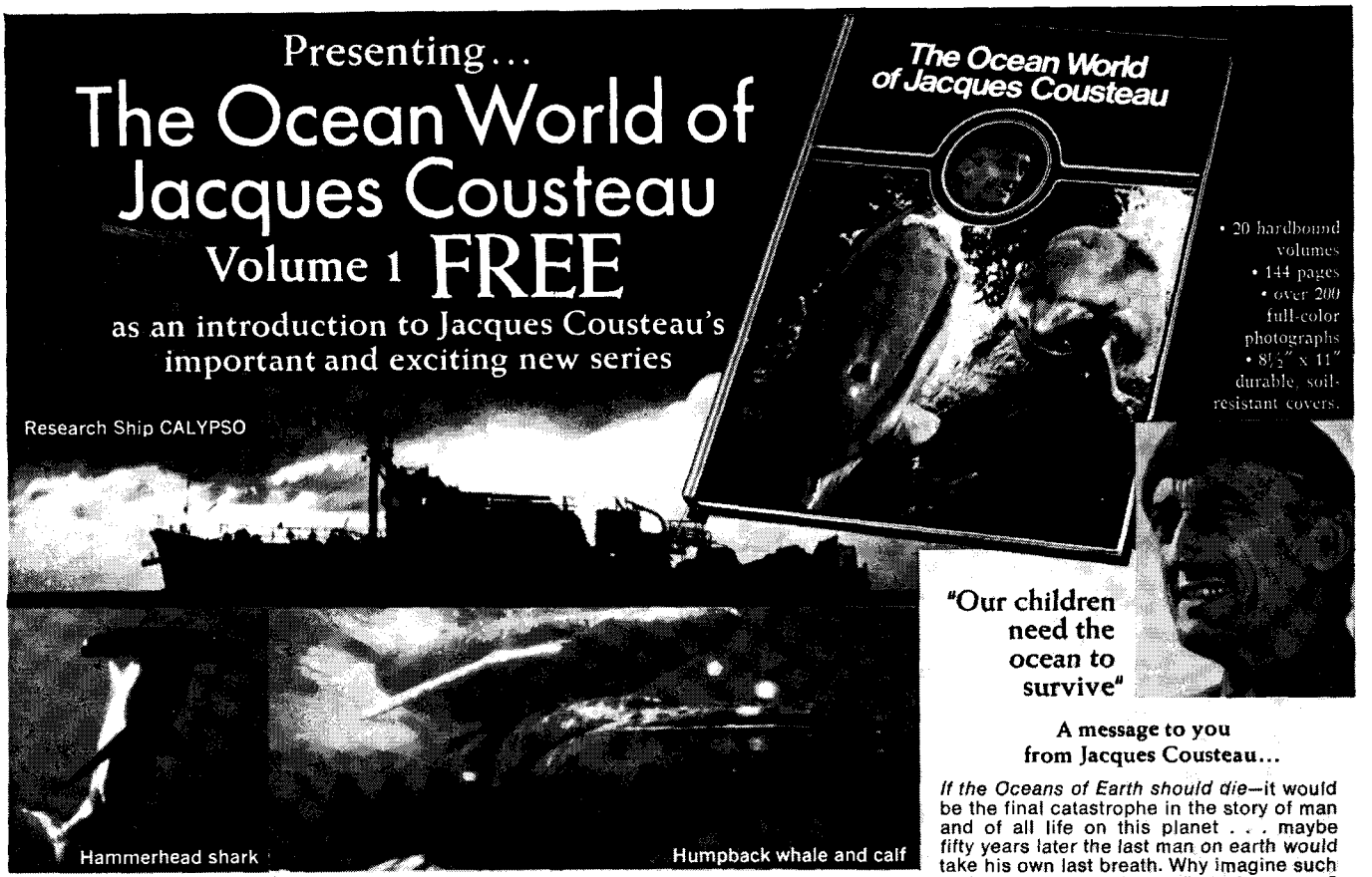


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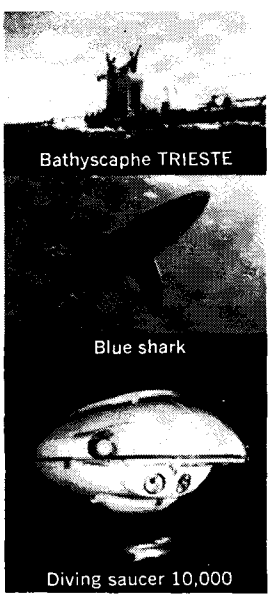


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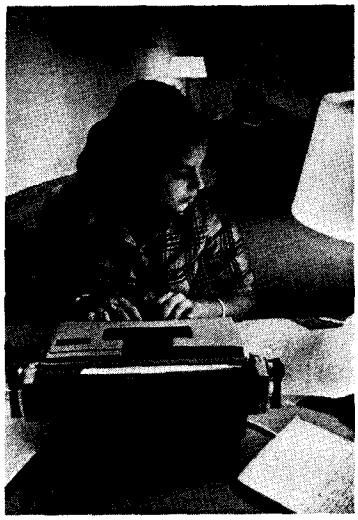

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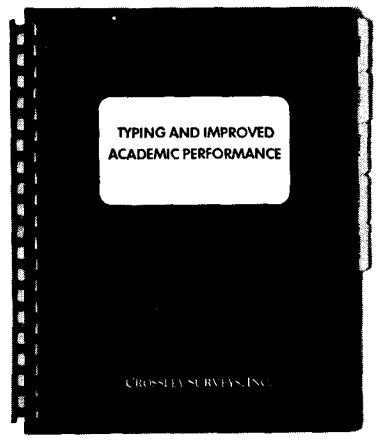


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Editorial

# The Knowledge Gap

**"Whom do we hold responsible when gaps in the government's knowledge do damage to the nation?"**

SECRETARY of State Henry A. Kissinger recently sent a message to the National Association of Secondary School Principals saying he was disturbed to discover how poorly informed high school students are about world affairs. In particular, he mentioned a 1974 survey showing that half the students graduating from high school couldn't identify the Arab nation when given a choice of India, Israel, Egypt, and Mexico.

Mr. Kissinger said that the low level of knowledge reflected in this survey is detrimental to America in a world of increasing interdependence. He called for a review of the nation's educational system.

American citizens will of course share Mr. Kissinger's troubled feelings. But they have equal reason to be troubled over the government's own grades on the subject of recent history. Consider the record of U.S. attitudes or policies on some of the main developments since World War II:

1. *Nuclear Policy*: The best opportunity we had for heading off a world nuclear arms race came just after the Hiroshima explosion in 1945. The general world atmosphere at the time was one of anxiety; people everywhere were hoping that the United States, as the maker of the bomb, would take a vital initiative in pressing for abolition of the weapon under enforceable safeguards. But the American government incorrectly assumed that it enjoyed a long-term atomic monopoly (General Leslie Groves, head of the Manhattan District Project, which developed the bomb, declared it would take the Soviet Union at least twenty years to manufacture a nuclear device). And even when the atomic monopoly was shattered, we constructed a policy based on the assumption of superiority—despite the fact that only a limited number of such bombs was required to accomplish any conceivable military purpose. What was overlooked was the fact that the survival of America is tied to the control, not the accumulation, of nuclear force. In any event, twenty nations now have the capability to make nuclear weapons.

2. *Sino-Soviet Split*: One of the most significant world developments in the past half-century has been the rift between the Soviet Union and the People's Republic of China. Yet American foreign policy in the early years after World War II was based on a long-range assumption that the United States would be confronted by the threat of a monolithic world Communist bloc. We underestimated the extent to which ideology would become subordinate to nationalism, and we were unprepared for the fact that Communist nations would quarrel among themselves for the same reason that nations have always quarreled in the past.

3. *The "Domino Theory" in Indo-China*: The Vietnam war had its origins in the assumption by U.S. policy-makers that the departure of the French from Indo-China would set the stage for conquest by the Chinese, direct or indirect. The related theory was that, once the nations of Indo-China began to topple, the process would continue in almost every direction, with Malaysia, Burma, India, Afghanistan, and even the Philippines and Japan in jeopardy. The fact of historic differences between China and North Vietnam was apparently not fully appreciated by the United States. To the extent that this misassessment led to U.S. involvement, it was responsible for one of the costliest errors of U.S. foreign policy in the past half-century.

4. *"Neutralism" in the Modern World*: There was an assumption in U.S. foreign policy, beginning in the late 1940s, that any nation declaring its desire not to take sides in the emerging confrontation between the Soviet Union and the United States was openly hostile to us or pro-Communist, or both. Our reaction in many cases actually had the effect of pushing neutralists further away, thus tending to create the very situation we condemned. A case in point is Laos, where we financed the overthrow of the neutralist government of Souvanna Phouma and installed Phoumi Nosavan, who was partial to the U.S. Our lack of knowledge about the true picture in Laos became apparent when the coup precipitated a civil war and provided a rallying ground for Communist forces. Eventually, the "neutralist" Souvanna Phouma was restored—but only after thousands of lives had been lost.

5. *Effects of Undercover Activities*: In establishing a secret agency with the ability to engage in subversion of other governments, the United States ignored or was ignorant of important historical experience. No such activities have ever gone without retaliation. Our participation, albeit indirect, in the assassination of President Diem of South Vietnam, and in the attempted assassination of Premier Fidel Castro of Cuba, may or may not have figured in retaliatory action by those governments. It is shocking nonetheless to read speculations that the assassination of President Kennedy was a boomerang result of CIA assassination plots, as reported by a Senate committee. Only the most profound historical illiteracy could have permitted the belief that we could engage in murder without risk of retaliation and, what is even more important, without endangering the very traditions that our government leaders are pledged to protect.

IT IS easy enough to score educators for the deficiencies in student knowledge about the outside world. Whom do we hold responsible, however, when gaps in the government's own knowledge do damage to the nation? If we are to fill Secretary Kissinger's prescription for a knowledgeable society at a time of increasing world interdependence, the government's own record, and, what is equally important, its role as public tutor, cannot be ignored. —N.C.


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# Letters from Readers

## The Media's Business

I think I was used a little unfairly in Joseph Poindexter's article ["The Great Industry-Media Debate," July 10]. I am credited with "the harshest criticism of all" of media coverage of business. In fact, I clearly separated three categories of coverage; in the areas of politico-economic policy and business journalistic reporting of corporate affairs I gave very high marks for improvement. My reference to the "daily diet of authoritative ignorance" applied *only* to general assignment coverage of business in print and on television.

Moreover, the net of my *Time* essay was that, with all its faults, we can thank press coverage of business—good, bad, and indifferent—for setting the ethical tone that put the "post-Watergate" corporate scandals in their proper perspective and probably prompted the several important resulting changes in corporate structure.

Otherwise I thought Poindexter's article was a constructive contribution to an important debate.

*Louis Banks*
*Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.*

. . . Joseph Poindexter made no mention of the 2,000 or so specialized business publications that are the real backbone of the business press. He wrote as if the field consisted only of *Business Week*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *Fortune*, *Barron's*, *Dun's Review*, and a few others.

The size and complexity of U.S. business enterprise is such that general business publications only skim the surface of complicated subjects. . . .

But specialized business publications have taken strong leadership positions in their industries in matters of business ethics, deceptive practices, regulation, and other areas of public interest. They can do so because they have earned the confidence of their readers by publishing factual information on which decisions can be (and are) based.

It is too bad that Poindexter should generally ignore the role of the specialized business press. But it also explains why the general business press can't expect the same levels of confidence from the business community as the specialized press enjoys: the general press just doesn't do as good or as thorough a job of reporting the facts.

*Warren Blanding*
*Washington, D.C.*

## Psychiatrically Sound

N.C. is critical of the power given to a submarine commander to commence a nuclear holocaust ["The Third Most Powerful Man in the World," April 17]. Coinciding with the publication of that editorial, I received a term paper written by Gregory Timberlake, a medical student here at the University of Virginia. It is the thesis of his review—"Psychiatric Illness in U.S. Navy Nuclear Submarines"—that the men chosen for nuclear-submarine service constitute an elite all-volunteer force that is carefully selected. . . . The volunteers undergo a battery of tests measuring their physical status and their verbal and spatial aptitudes. Psychometric tests—including both projective and objective personality tests—are also administered. . . . By these means, each man is evaluated as to major conflict areas, frequency and severity of neurotic symptoms, and main defense mechanisms. A psychiatrist conducts a brief interview with those men who have marginal aptitudinal test-score patterns. The applicants who qualify are then sent to a navy submarine school. . . .

Despite this screening, some individuals with psychopathology still manage to enter the system. . . . While serving at the New London/Groton, Conn., U.S. Naval Submarine Base, one psychiatrist had 114 submariners, out of a total population of 5,620, referred to him during one typical year. This suggested that the incidence of psychiatric illness in the submarine was 20 per thousand. Of the 114 referrals, 61 were found to have behavioral disorders, including alcoholism; 37 had neurotic disorders; and 8 suffered schizophrenia and acute situational maladjustments. . . .

Even though no currently known program can accomplish the goal of being 100 percent accurate in screening out unfit applicants, I suggest that the intense preselection and screening process of these men qualifies them to be in a position of equal or even greater responsibility than that of the President.

It would certainly seem wise that, in an age of push-button diplomacy, our national leaders undergo the same stringent psychiatric screening processes as nuclear submariners. However unrealistic this may sound, a nuclear-submarine commander is, from a statistical standpoint, probably in better mental health than is the President of the United States—from whom he receives his orders. . . .

Aren't we remiss—especially as additional revelations come out about Nixon's "final days"—not to demand that a panel of neutral mental-health professionals be responsible to Congress for periodically assessing the mental state of our leader?

*Reid J. Daitzman, Ph.D.*
*Charlottesville, Va.*



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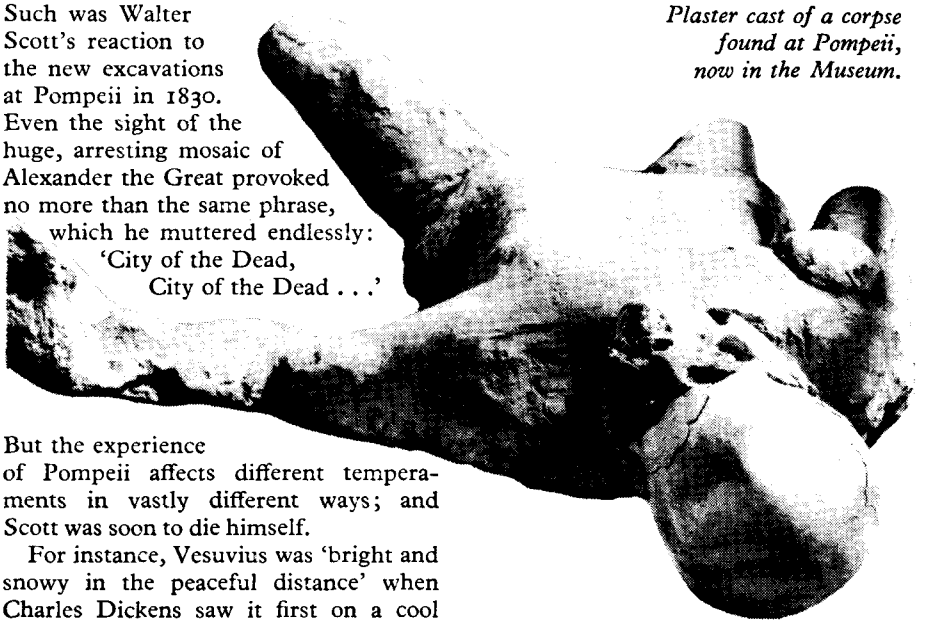
# 'City of the Dead, City of the Dead . . .'

Such was Walter Scott's reaction to the new excavations at Pompeii in 1830. Even the sight of the huge, arresting mosaic of Alexander the Great provoked no more than the same phrase, which he muttered endlessly: 'City of the Dead, City of the Dead . . .'



*Plaster cast of a corpse found at Pompeii, now in the Museum.*

But the experience of Pompeii affects different temperaments in vastly different ways; and Scott was soon to die himself.

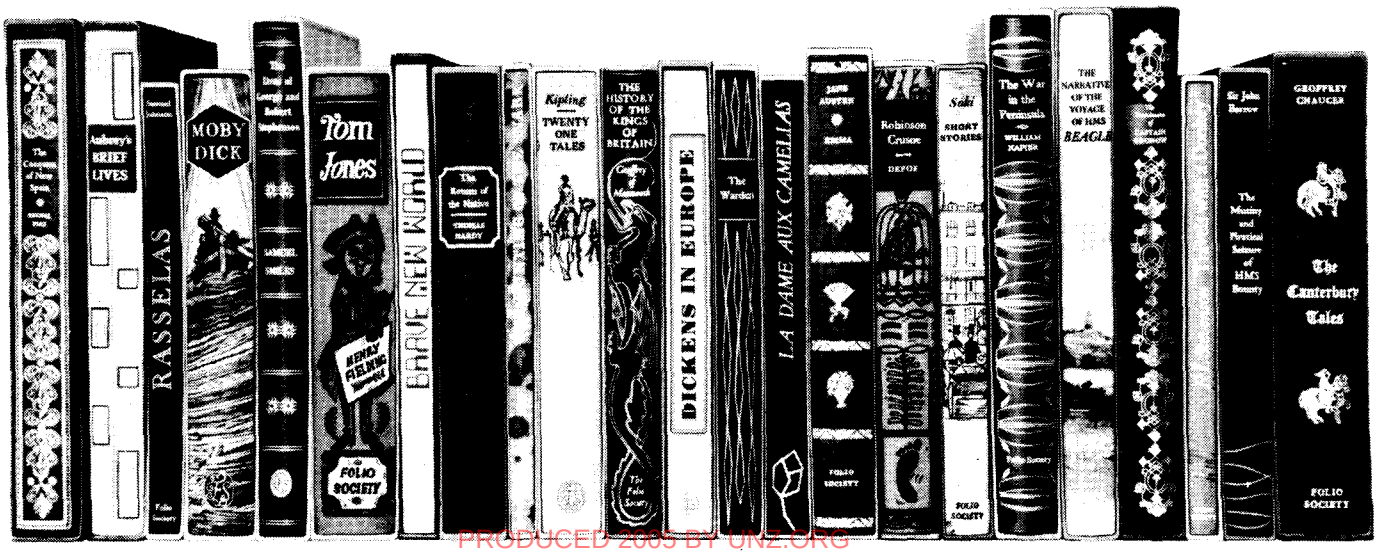
For instance, Vesuvius was 'bright and snowy in the peaceful distance' when Charles Dickens saw it first on a cool spring day in 1845. He instructs the visitor to stand in the forum of Pompeii and admire the volcano through the columns of The Temple of Isis; seeing it as a thing of beauty, not just as a thing of 'doom and destiny, biding its terrible time.'

A thousand years before Christ a fearful eruption had deposited ash and dust as far away as Avellino and Benevento, seventy miles away. By AD 79, the memory had vanished, and the shadow of Vesuvius fell on a busy, slightly raffish town of some twenty thousand souls, about as big as Andover, Massachusetts today. Along the beautiful Bay of Naples stretched a Costa Brava-like string of luxury villas which made the whole coast seem like a continuous town.

The eruption started around one o'clock on 24 August with the appearance from the mountain of a cloud of unusual shape and size—'like a pine tree,' said Pliny, observing from the other side of the bay. Curiosity aroused, his uncle, the admiral and scientist, set off by boat to investigate: Pliny went back to his books. Nearer the mountain, though daytime, it was as though 'the final endless night of which we had heard had come upon the world. The admiral died in the sulphurous fumes 'looking more like a man asleep than dead'. Earthquakes shook the ground 'so that the chariots we had ordered were so agitated backwards and forwards that we could not keep them steady'. Buildings tottered and fell. Storms of ash and stones rained down. Panic-stricken crowds attempted flight in the lurid darkness. 'The sea seemed to roll back on itself so that the shore was considerably enlarged and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud, broken with rapid zigzag flashes, revealed behind it variously-shaped masses of flame'.

Then for sixteen hundred years the shadow of Vesuvius fell on a silent, unpeopled city, its life arrested like an abruptly-frozen film. Today the same dominating shadow falls on the greatest tourist attraction of the Western World. The turn of fate which revealed the lost cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum began in 1710 when a peasant digging a well, struck costly marbles from the theatre of Herculaneum. The discoveries ushered in a Neo-classical revival which


# Beautiful Books *interesting reading . . .*





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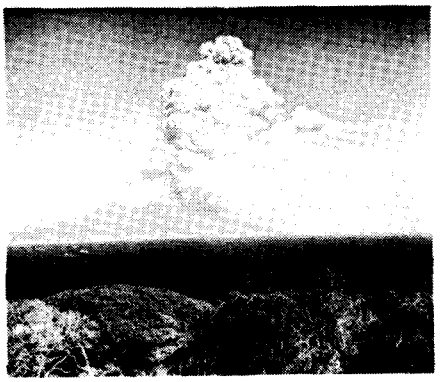
in the two centuries that followed produced a revolution in artistic taste; and affected furniture, decoration and art in the whole civilised world.

Raleigh Trevelyan's narrative *The Shadow of Vesuvius: Pompeii* AD 79 gives a striking personal impression of this ghostly city where, in Shelley's words, one hears 'the autumnal leaves like light footfalls of spirits passing through the streets'. He gives, too, an entertaining history of the slow striptease of time which gradually, tantalizingly, revealed one of the biggest storehouses of treasure the world has seen, the source of much of our knowledge of daily life in the Roman world.

A fine book. *John Letts*



*The last eruption of Vesuvius in 1944.*

# Four Complaints about The Folio Society

It takes a little while to adjust to the unfamiliar. Several thousand book lovers in the United States have made that mental leap in recent years, and now belong to a distinctly unusual organisation which is neither book club nor publisher, but a little bit of both.

For instance, it does not mass-produce huge editions by photo-offset. Nor does it lure you into buying on credit, use a computer system for mailing or billing, or despatch 'selections' which you have forgotten to say you did not want.

Most eccentric of all, it pays *all* your mailing costs from London, England – wherever you live: West Coast or East Coast; Plains, Georgia or Prudhoe Bay.

Even the complaints it receives are unusual. Here are some samples.

W.M.M. of North Andover, Massachusetts, complains that 'I have some fifteen thousand volumes crowding my shelves . . . But I love John Aubrey so much I cannot resist a new edition of *Brief Lives*. Every year you publish something I want, even though I am overloaded with books.' That is why we balance our list so carefully from the by-ways *as well as* the highways of literature and history.

W.K. of Northport, N.Y., complains: 'The advertisements are clever . . . they presume a great conspiracy is spreading untruths about The Folio Society.' We deny any intention to deceive. We err – or *try* to err – in the direction of making advertisements as interesting to read as the newspapers and magazines they appear in.

A.S. of Flossmoor, Illinois, complains: 'I like your service. I like the way you send me the wrong book sometimes (and then write a nice letter of apology) – it adds a nice touch of un-computerised humanity.' Avoiding computers doesn't render us immune from making mistakes –but if we do, we correct them politely and speedily.

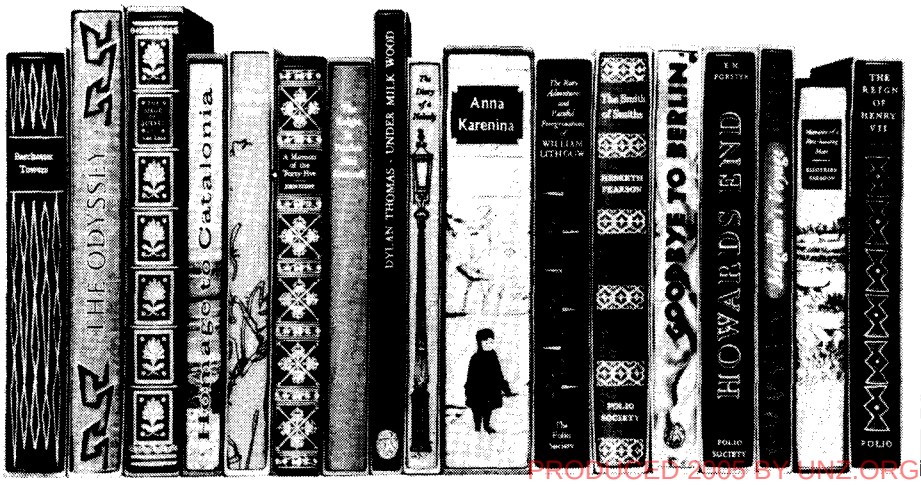
A.V.H. of Minnesota complains: 'Mail delay is a growing problem here in the US, but nothing more you can do about this—we have been fighting the battle for a century without success.' Enough said. We do find, however, that international parcels often reach members *more* quickly than internal US mail parcels.

Members join The Folio Society in fact for a variety of reasons – because they like the civilised atmosphere, because they like good book design . . . but mainly because they like the books. They are interesting to read, attractive to look at, and modestly priced (the average price is still only a little over $11.00 post free, complete with slipcase). And you don't have to cross the Atlantic to look at them. Today you can see all the 120 or so titles in the list at The Folio Gallery in midtown Manhattan, (just off Park Avenue, at 113 East 55th Street) where you can browse among five times as many books as you see here, and purchase on the spot if you wish.

To join, you need choose only four. And you get free, as a bonus, *The Shadow of Vesuvius*, reviewed on the opposite page. You also get, for a nominal payment, a 36 page quarterly literary magazine with articles by writers such as Rosamond Lehmann and Pamela Hansford-Johnson.

Best of all, since you choose your four titles in advance, you aren't plagued with monthly computer communications: and if you are not pleased with the books, a guaranteed right of return gives you ample protection. Completing the coupon below commits you to nothing. So why not do it today?

## *modest prices... FREE postage!*




*To: The Membership Secretary, Folio Books Ltd, 113 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.*

I am interested in joining The Folio Society, and would like to see a copy of *The Shadow of Vesuvius*, together with a copy of the 1977 Prospectus. I will send my order for a minimum four books promptly, thus taking up membership, or else return *The Shadow of Vesuvius* volume. SR 55X

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# The South as the New America

SOUTHERN HISTORIANS insist there exists a Southern ethnicity. The South is different. The South shares a common tragedy, an ethos cemented as much by the origins of plantation life as by the pious binds of church. But what then of the oft-discussed "vanishing South," the South that has at last melted into the Union, leaving only the traces of accent, preferences at table, and memoirs of heritage? In the words of writer Joseph B. Cumming, Jr., "The South is over." Expatriate blacks return. Non-Southerners choose the South as a more comfortable place to live. And work. Industrialists, not unaware of the advantages of January golf and shortened work weeks, transplant factories. In twenty years the urban population increase doubled that of the rest of the nation. In the first four years of the seventies, the South's population growth nearly tripled the rate of the nationwide increase. Not only immigration and urbanization but network TV (that very bugaboo that concerns Canada because it is the great homogenizer) has burred the sharp edges of difference.

A Democratic convention accepts—no, cheers—its candidate from Plains, Ga., for Plains is Abilene, Kans., or West Branch, Iowa. Settlements at the crossroads have become supercities exploding into Southern skies. The architecture of its cities is reproduced as far afield as San Francisco. Hilton Head, off the Carolina coast, is the die-cut of other live-in resort communities. From the delta to the mountains, the South is the wellspring of contemporary American music. New talents germinate in Faulkner country. The South is not only accepted at last into the fraternity of states; its cities, its progressive leaders, and its vigor may well posture it as a foretaste of the new America. —H.S.

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# Not Since Jefferson and Madison . . .

## A rustic redoubt no longer, the new urban South has asserted political power with Carter as its symbol

by Reg Murphy

THE baby-kissing backwoodsman who drove his mules up to the courthouse square to quote the Bible, cuss the niggers, and claim the votes is an anachronism.

The political structure of the United States has changed for all time. The great cities of the South have asserted their political power. Houston, Dallas, New Orleans, Atlanta, and the rest are building an inclusive political and economic structure out of Washington laws, New York venture capital, drawling indigenous know-how, and (some) local black partnership.

Change, rapid and liberating, always was central to the salvation of the South and its people. Now they are learning a new national politics.

A son of the Texas hill country has served as President. Now a son of the Georgia farm country is on the hustings and may be on his way to the White House. The statehouses have as many black legislators now as did the Black and Tan governments of the Reconstruction; this time freely elected.

Not since the creation of the American nation, 200 years ago, through the skillful negotiations and writings of such Southerners as Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, have Southerners been so influential as they are this summer. A century after it got rid of the hated carpetbaggers and the Reconstruction acts, the South has rejoined the Union.

Jimmy Carter is, of course, the symbol. A controversial former governor who calls himself a born-again Baptist, Carter at first glance fits some of the stereotypes of the past. He won the Georgia governorship in 1970 as a conservative who polled only about 5 percent of the black vote.

But his persistent two-year campaign paid off with the Democratic presidential nomination. It was a victory achieved as much by winning black votes in Michigan as by whipping Alabama Governor George Wallace in Florida and North Carolina.

As he moved through the campaign, reporters asked Carter time and again, "Do you find people prejudiced because you are from the South?"

Occasionally Carter would reply that he found some anti-Southern bias; usually he answered that most of the regional prejudice seems to be gone. It's true that a lot of it is gone. The old pluralism that made a Southerner entirely different from his Northern or Western counterpart has disappeared in a blend of leisure suits, airplane flights, television preferences, corporate transfers, and predatory acquisitions.

Every Southerner experienced that blurring of differences at some level. Out on the lecture circuit, lately, where the South in my mouth was identifiable, there was one surefire

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*Editor and publisher of the* San Francisco Examiner, *Reg Murphy observed Jimmy Carter's formative political years as editor of* The Atlanta Constitution. *He is the author, with Hal Gulliver, of* The Southern Strategy, *written while Carter was governor.*



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Photographs: Culver, UPI, Allen Green/Visual Departures

*Clockwise from below—Atlanta burns in "Gone with the Wind," 1976 Democratic convention, Bond, Reagan, Young, Carter, Bumpers, Askew, and Ford.*

(if sad) opening line: "I had intended to speak tonight about the New South—but I haven't been to Boston recently."

The crowds laughed, in part because they were guilty of pointing to the South as the source of all racial prejudice. And they knew one other thing: this nation is guilty of prejudice, and the South just practiced it more openly. When the South began to change, it may have jumped ahead of the rest of the nation in discarding discrimination.

To understand how the South has changed, it is necessary to look beyond President Johnson's massive civil-rights accomplishments and beyond Carter's current string of victories. One must look at the crumpled, almost doll-like figure of George Wallace.

"They just couldn't take their eyes off the shiny spokes on that wheelchair," one of Wallace's aides said after the campaign collapsed.

Which was a partial truth. The viciousness of a gunner in Maryland in 1972 stemmed the vigor and dynamism of Wallace. Looking at the slumped figure that barely survived the shooting, Governor William Waller, of Mississippi, said in the spring of 1975 that Wallace no longer could be considered a serious candidate because he was an ill man.

Another part of Wallace's failure—and the South's turnaround—is that Wallace is a rustic. On the courthouse squares of the South, under the shadows of those musket-bearing stone Confederate soldiers turned green with age, Wallace was tough. In places like Heflin, Ala., where his supporters brought bulldogs to his rallies wearing scarlet blankets covered with Wallace buttons, he was nearly unbeatable. The polls showed that 42 percent of all rural Americans favored his campaign.

But the South is no rustic redoubt today. The world's tallest hotel, the biggest space-control headquarters, the petrochemical center—these are both urban and Southern.

Moreover, the new breed of Southern politicians come from the same region as Wallace does. They all traveled to the larger towns over slow-moving streams the color of Coca-Cola, through resin-smelling thickets growing up to become newsprint, past crossroads stores selling Bloodhound chewing tobacco and sweet-smelling cottonseed meal for the milk cows.

Wallace, Carter, Senators Dale Bumpers, of Arkansas, and Lawton Chiles, of Florida, Governors Reubin Askew, of Florida, and Dolph Briscoe, of Texas, and many others won their offices relatively recently out there in the boondocks. Some, including Carter, switched bases once they were elected. Seeing the growth of Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas, Houston, and the other Southern cities, they understood that that was where the young and moderate and black voters could be found. Wallace continued to deride and ridicule the city dwellers and the educated—and lost out.

As long as a little white frame house surrounded by lush green pastures and fronted by an American Independent Party sign could serve as a county's Wallace headquarters,



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everything was all right. But the constant migration to the cities and the registration of 3 million black voters devastated his campaign.

The collapse of the candidate who used to terrorize the Democratic National Committee and mesmerize the national press left a void. And it is a tricky one.

Northern reporters kept going to the cool gray ridges of the Smokies to search out the Wallace voters. They kept coming back quoting chagrined Wallace supporters as saying, "Maybe I'll jes' vote Republican this year."

Maybe they will, but the polls of summertime had Carter running better than 2 to 1 ahead of Ford or Reagan.

IF IT hadn't been for the South, Reagan would never have been a factor in the 1976 campaign. He had lost five straight springtime primaries. The Ford camp had begun to suggest bluntly that it was time for him to withdraw so as not to be "a divisive influence." The campaign came to North Carolina, where the Republican Party is strong enough to elect governors and senators. Somebody handed Nancy Reagan a football, and it was as if they were reminding her that the former football player in the White House was running better. Then Reagan stunned the world and himself: he won North Carolina.

He had won in Dixie for an identifiable reason. He was not a part of the Washington arrangement. Carter had won some primaries for the same reason. The South is as down on Washington as the rest of America.

Winning in the South provided an argument for Reagan that his campaign staff promptly developed into a printed flier to distribute at the Iowa Republican Convention. It said: "Reagan has the strength where it's needed in November. Ford has carried only the Northeast states, the states least likely to go Republican in the November general election. Reagan has carried the South and the West, which we must have to beat Carter, and which are most likely to carry the GOP to victory in November."

The Republicans were nowhere close to carrying the region they first cracked in 1952 with President Dwight Eisenhower, yet they have changed the shape of Southern politics. They have grown from the old post-office–patronage crowd into a second force, which has won many offices.

Reagan and Ford thus worked the region for convention-delegate votes but not so diligently for Electoral College votes. Carter was a native son, and the regional pride welled up. At a dinner party in the West, an Atlanta tourist informed her hostess, "You better believe I'm gonna vote for Carter. He's the only chance I'll ever have to know a man who's in the White House."

If there was regional pride among white Atlanta women, there also was the feeling of association and freedom among some Southern blacks. No longer ruled by the rustics or locked into the segregationist patterns of Strom Thurmond and Orval Faubus, the South was free to reach down inside itself and develop black as well as white leaders.

Atlanta had been the hometown of the civil-rights movement. Martin Luther King, Jr., played on Auburn Street and in Buttermilk Bottom before he acquired a Ph.D. and led the social conscience of the nation to the mountaintop.

His closest associate, Andrew Young, has become an attractive and active young congressman. That he is black, that he was one of Dr. King's most trusted leaders, and that he married the movement to practical politics—all that is important. Somebody asked Carter to whom he owed something at the end of his long campaign for the nomination. He answered simply, "Andy Young."

To be sure, not all Southerners and not all blacks are overjoyed by Carter's success. Julian Bond, once the spokesman for the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee and once nominated as a Democratic candidate for Vice-President (the nomination was withdrawn), said Carter "is not my first choice, not even my tenth choice." Bond and Mrs. Grace Hamilton, another black legislator from Atlanta, ran against Carter's delegate slate. They lost.

Nonetheless, the fact that intense competition has sprung up among blacks is in itself proof of the increasing sophistication of Southern politics. Nobody can overlook the fact that the number of blacks holding political office in the South has grown from a handful of old post-office Republicans two decades ago to more than 2,000 today.

"The enormous leadership potentials that the South has always nurtured need never again be wasted in the political isolation the old South brought down on itself," wrote Eugene Patterson, president of *The St. Petersburg Times*, ex-vice-chairman of the federal Civil Rights Commission.

Some of the most imaginative figures of that leadership are black, and they are participating.

But there are other Southerners, as noted, who are not joyous that Carter is the representative who may lead the South back into full national representation. Governor Askew, ranked by some as the most progressive Southern chief executive, endorsed Representative Morris Udall, of Arizona, rather than support Carter. Senator Bumpers, who came along at the same political time as Carter, can barely conceal his contempt. Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards doesn't even attempt to conceal it. Edwards endorsed California Governor Jerry Brown and boycotted a Carter solidarity meeting of governors. Edwards said that endorsing Carter at the last minute would be "tantamount to buying the last ticket on the *Titanic*."

EVEN Carter's most ardent supporters would agree that he is a political hybrid. His 1966 campaign for governor was a moderate's effort. He talked about progressive issues but finished third. Four years later, he identified himself as the George Wallace candidate and promised he would invite Wallace to address a joint session of the Georgia legislature at the first opportunity—a promise he kept. Carter also visited the private segregation academies late in the campaign and paid a call in the last days of the campaign to Roy Harris, president of the segregationist Georgia Citizens Council. He won.

His supporters claim he reads moods and responds brilliantly. His detractors say he has no beliefs of his own, and they see the same pattern developing now. They gasp when they recall how badly his political fortunes were going just four years ago. He was then in the midst of his term as governor and had to run for a spot as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. Out of several thousand votes cast, Carter won by only thirteen. It was just a few months later that he concluded he would run not for a delegate's seat but for the presidency.

The doubters say he ran a conservative set of primary



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races this year to win the early convention and delegate votes in such states as Iowa, New Hampshire, Florida, and North Carolina. He lost the industrial and population centers from Massachusetts to New York to New Jersey to California, principally because they doubted his interest in the cities.

Andrew Young, as Jimmy Carter's most acute black adviser, thinks that can be both explained and exploited: "Plains is a suburb of nowhere. We might have a fabulous combination. We've always had this situation where we won the cities and took what we could get in the rural areas. With the help of a lot of people who understand city politics, it could be a very big victory."

Carter's selection of Senator Walter Mondale, of Minnesota, as his vice-presidential candidate heartened many liberals. But many other students of Carter's methods saw it as an extension of his usual tactics: run a conservative campaign and then try to assuage the liberals with gestures after his election. Some see that as the essential phoniness of all Carter campaigns.

What both admirers and scoffers agree on is that Carter is not truly representative of the New South. They think he was not as advanced a governor as Askew or Bumpers. And that he is more adaptable than others, notably Wallace.

His ability to convince people he is talking their language, whether conservative or liberal or moderate, is what took him out of a regional context and made him a national figure.

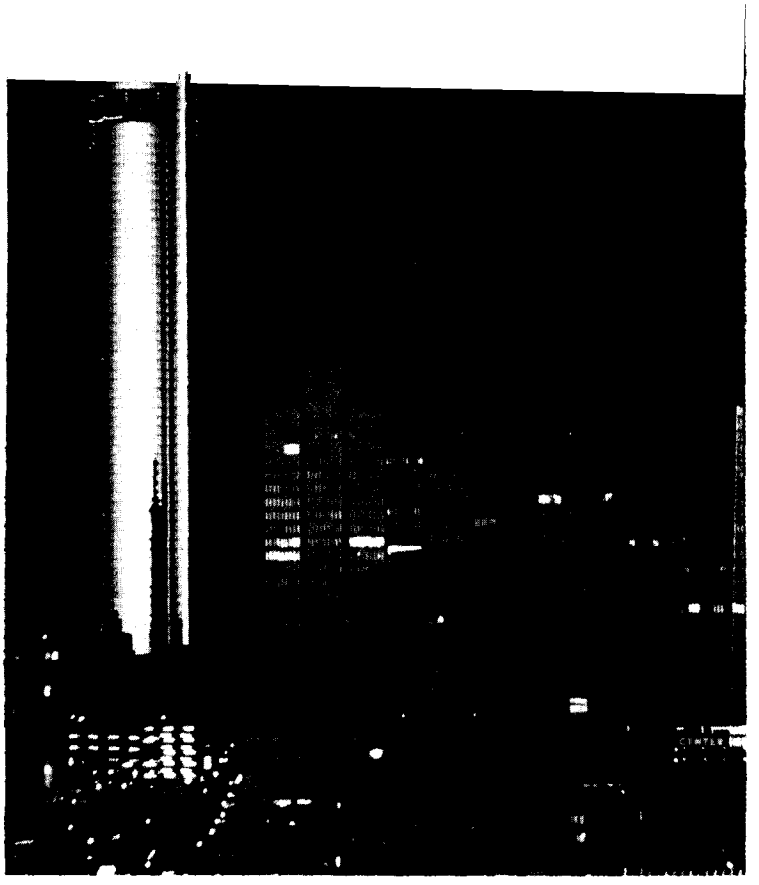
Eventually he will have to define himself more clearly if he is to wipe away the doubts. He may sound funny talking as a populist when people realize he has been taking $60,000 to $90,000 a year out of a peanut warehousing and brokerage business. There may be consternation when writers stop describing him as a peanut farmer and explain that he really is a commodity broker who is the middleman between farmers and peanut-butter processors.

But his national appeal is based primarily on the sudden recognition that the prejudices of a nation have been focused on the South. When South Boston exploded with the same fury as South Georgia, there came the slow realization that racial prejudice was not buried behind soft Southern accents. And Carter has benefited from that national consciousness of the pervasiveness of prejudice.

Some Southerners who have worked for decades to push the region back toward national participation are bitterly disappointed that it has culminated in the nomination of Carter. Though he is a Carter supporter himself, attorney Tom Mitchell, of Dalton, Ga., empathized with those Southerners who oppose Carter: "It's awful to work for so many years to get the South back into the Union and then not be able to participate in it."

The distrust of Carter is difficult to articulate, even for people who have lived all their lives being entertained by the antics of Southern politicians. Carter does not represent them because he has no time for their storytelling ways. He smiles always, but he laughs not at all. He claims to have saved $50 million in state-government reorganization, but the people didn't get anything for it.

In a Faulkner novel he would be the country storekeeper with a sharp eye on the cash register and his mind preoccupied with how he could control the customers' lives. In W. J. Cash's *The Mind of the South* he would be the pure one, above drinking or wenching or much of anything else except winning everything. In one of Thomas Wolfe's rambles he would have been the intellectual turned bid'nessman gone politician. To those who distrust him the most, there is an air of palpable phoniness about him that transcends issues.



*Atlanta by night—"the old pluralism is gone."*

They recall that just three weeks before Spiro Agnew had to resign as Vice-President, Carter called him. The following day, Carter called a press conference. "I told him," Carter said, "that I hoped he would not resign under pressure. . . . I don't think he's received adequate support from the President. . . . As a matter of fact, he and I have been very close."

Southerners who oppose Carter cannot forget those incidents, which now have been submerged in the general euphoria. Wallace genuinely believed that Carter would second his nomination at the 1972 convention; Carter's seconding speech for Senator Henry Jackson was a bitter disappointment. Neither do liberals forget that Carter asked Julian Bond to approach Senator George McGovern about making Carter his running mate that year. When Bond told the story, Carter denied it, and that angered Bond.

But the Southerners who dislike or distrust Carter clearly are in a minority. The polls indicate that he may put the Solid South back together for the first time since President Eisenhower split it in 1952.

They smell victory, the kind of national political victory they haven't known in a long time. They're tired of being the backwoods cousins. They think they can run the government better than the current crop of Washington bureaucrats run it. And it has been such a long, long time since they had a chance. ◉



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# The Supercities

## These once-drowsy towns take on the look of a stage set for "Star Trek" as they rush hell-bent into tomorrow

## 1. Atlanta

by Horace Sutton

TWENTY years before gold was discovered in Sutter's Mill in California, a gold rush little heard of now exploded in Dahlonega, Ga. The government established a mint, and before the lode thinned, it stamped out over $6 million in gold coins. Enough glittering leaf was left over to gild the dome of Atlanta's state capitol, which survives from the 1880s.

Now, in the afternoon sun, the cupola shines brilliantly, a reminder of the days when Georgia earth spewed gold. Architecturally, the dome is a déclassé leftover of another time, but behind it rise the sparkling towers that are the visible trappings of Atlanta's new gold rush.

A restaurant twirls seventy stories above the city. High over the streets, glass bridges connect the towers. Skaters waltz below the windows of elegant new hotel rooms. Downtown diners sit under trees, hard by rushing water. Visiting hotel guests can trade in outposts of Hermès, Pucci, Givenchy, and Lanvin without ever venturing a toe into the un-air-conditioned out-of-doors. Or, without setting sole on sidewalk, convention delegates can slip into the new Georgia World Congress Center and hear the commentary on, say, textile manufacture or the latest wrinkles in telecommunications translated simultaneously into Arabic or Russian.

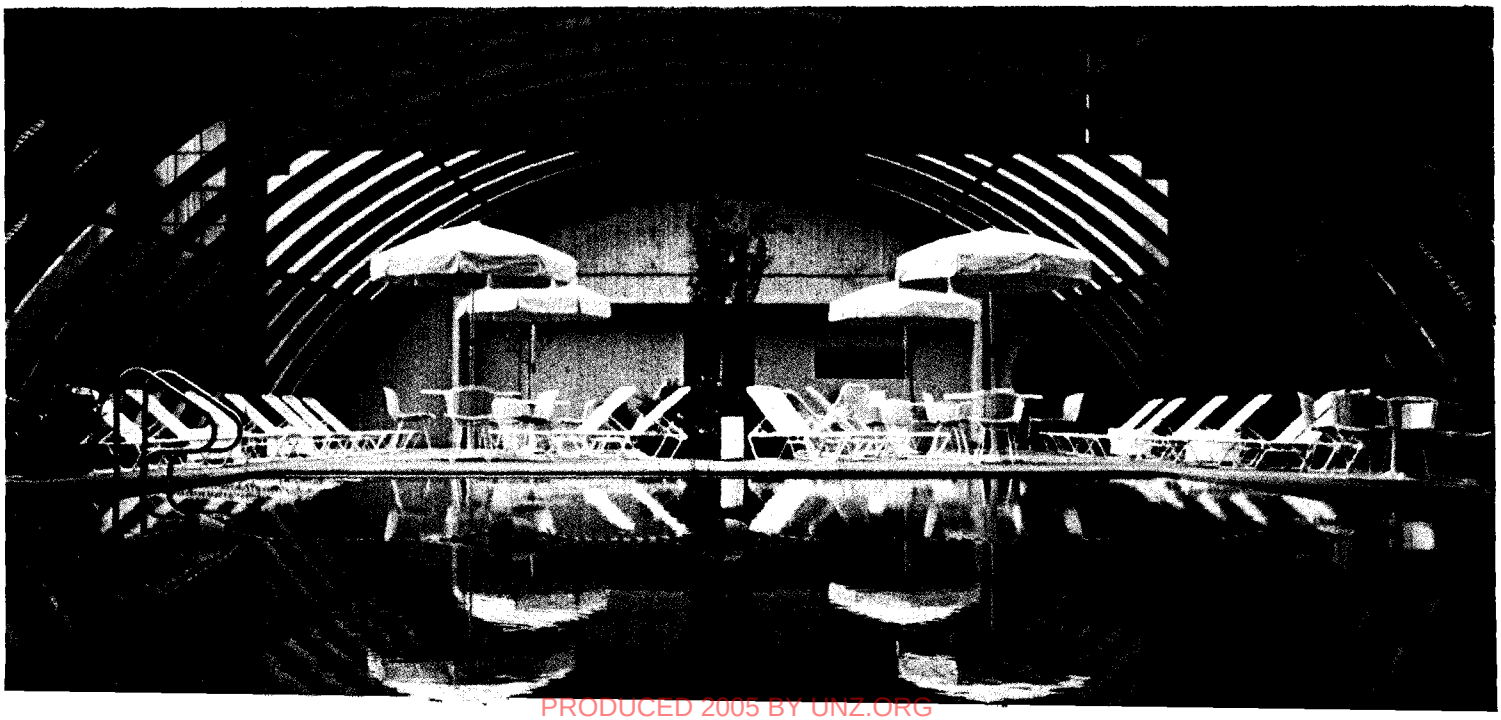
This is the new Atlanta that has risen out of slum, torpor, and the ashes left by Sherman's torch. When the city surrendered to the Union forces, 112 years ago this month, it had 20,000 citizens, most of whom would soon be homeless. Between the wars it was another stop on the circuit of Southern baseball cities—Chattanooga, New Orleans, Mobile, Little Rock, Memphis, Knoxville, and Birmingham. Twenty years ago there was no building over fifteen stories high. Now its metropolitan population is 1,750,000. It has opened the world's tallest hotel. It is the headquarters city of the Democratic presidential campaign.

The railroads brought Atlanta its first importance. The city had scarcely celebrated its first quarter century when Sherman moved to cut the rail supply. After the siege and the fire it was the railroads that helped rebuild the city; the highways entering the city from every compass point came later to nourish it. Now its airport, scarcely half an hour from downtown, is the second busiest in the nation.

The booster group called Forward Atlanta started fifty years ago, feeding on itself and compounding its own momentum. But the big push came in the early sixties, when Atlanta, in the words of one citizen, "staggered through the desegregation problem." In 1961 it put nine black children in white schools. When it happened, President Kennedy, in a press conference, said, "Let me call your attention to what took place in Atlanta today." Said Mayor William B. Hartsfield, who was to guide the city for twenty-four years, Atlanta "is a city too busy to hate."

The national economy was surging, and the Southern economy, at last, rumbled along with it. The people of Forward Atlanta began to believe their own propaganda. The zeal was infectious. A million and a half dollars was raised over three years, then raised again and yet again. At the First National Bank they had been talking about a new twenty-eight-story building. Said the late James D. Robinson, Jr., the bank's chairman, "If the program is going to be that successful, we'll need a larger building." The bank rose forty-one stories in the Atlanta sky.

*Sliding ribbed roof over the Peachtree Plaza's pool—"great leap forward."*



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Ivan Allen, Jr., as president of the chamber of commerce, a prime mover of Atlanta's great leap forward, became mayor, bringing Atlanta a stadium, home of the football Falcons and the baseball Braves; the Civic Center; low-income housing. The Hyatt Regency, which opened in the middle of downtown in 1967—with its huge atrium, its glass elevators, like Christmas tree ornaments, sliding up the walls, its twelve-story metallic impressionistic flower rising out of the lobby floor—became one of the most talked-about hotels in the world.

The glass elevators were nothing new, for they had been seen at El Cortez in San Diego and in the sixties at the Ilikai in Honolulu. But making them a piece of lighted, moving architecture was adopted as an Atlanta trademark, and versions appear now in the mammoth new Atlanta Hilton and at the beauteous Omni International Hotel. Although the rooms have been redone, so many architectural fireworks have gone off in Atlanta that the pacesetting Hyatt suffers the slight tarnish of being what Miami Beach used to discuss offhandedly as "last year's hotel."

Off the same drawing board, the new Peachtree Plaza Hotel explodes everything but an hourly fireworks display. Fountains, pools of water, twittering birds, "floating" cocktail pods, make the lobby seem like a stage set for "Star Trek." The hubbub of chatter and running water renders conversation as successful as a symposium held under Niagara Falls. For those who can get a reservation, two express elevators shoot skyward through glass tubes, landing, in eighty seconds, on the seventieth floor. There, in the twirling Sun Dial Restaurant, the patrons can nibble on *focacette alla Romana* while looking out to the Blue Ridge Mountains or down on the ripening Regency, whose blue dome roof is forty stories below.

Set loose on the sidewalk, one is adrift in Peachtree Plaza, a dazzling network of offices, restaurants, shops, and even a theater in the half-round, which serves dinner and, on matinee days, lunch. The playgoer can park and walk over a bridge to the theater. An escalator descends to Fiddler on the Mezzanine, a blintz and matzo-ball station. A spraying fountain, to be admired through festoons of ivy, is the visible attraction at The Midnight Sun, a Danish parlor that can produce *frikadeller* with red cabbage, and Hans Christian Andersen's favorite open sandwich, liver pâté with bacon, tomato, mushrooms, and fresh horseradish.

THOUGH one might never know it during the bustle of the lunch hour in Peachtree Plaza, there are some evidences that Atlanta may have built too much too soon. The 500-room, $21-million Fairmont Colony Square Hotel, away from the vortex of the city, is not exactly awash in guests.

An edition of the San Francisco hotel atop Nob Hill, the Atlanta Fairmont is a splendor of maroon and gold. Its Coromandel Restaurant, designed around twelve Coromandel panels, is meant to bring Atlanta a dining salon of international class. It succeeds with elaborate grace and flaring showmanship.

The caviar arrives in the mouth of a five-foot-high sculpted ice fish wheeled to tableside. The *ris de veau* activates the same sensors as in Gaul. The nineteen-foot-high wine rack, Plexiglas and lighted, is set with recessed ladders. The sommelier makes the climb; the most expensive labels are on top. A pull-out-the-stops dinner may relieve a couple of $100, which could be the reason there were only two other tables occupied on a recent night.

It may be that Atlanta, a town that traditionally entertained in its clubs, isn't ready for all that poshery. Or, as some claim, that the Fairmont is operated by carpetbaggers from San Francisco and is out of favor with the locals. Or that it is removed from the action. Fairmont's fortunes could change with the opening this month of the Georgia World Congress Center, a part of the exciting Omni International, six blocks from the Peachtree swirl. The center is expected to turn Atlanta into a principal convention center, not only in the nation but globally.

A fourteen-story skylit megastructure, Omni embraces, besides the convention center, a pair of office buildings; six theaters; a 17,000-seat sports arena, home of the Atlanta Flames (hockey) and Hawks (basketball); the world's first indoor theme park; a public ice-skating rink; and a hotel that may well be Atlanta's best.

The lobby of the 500-room Omni International is a broad plaza of exquisite taste—cushy sofas, deep pile rugs, contemporary art chosen with taste. It is a milieu that seems too grand for the sneaker-shod kids who come in summer, tethered to their families. In the rooms the perfumed soap reposes in gold-embossed, beige-hued boxes. As at the Fairmont, three sheets are used on every bed, and beds are turned down at night.

Bugatti's, its Italian-accented restaurant, with its nests of leather chairs, its dark woods, and marble bar, seems more like an exclusive club for Milanese merchants. What Omni calls, definitively, The French Restaurant, has been set on a terrace floor of the megastructure, an imaginative assemblage of tables shaded by snow-white canopies clustered around a lattice gazebo, itself fitted with white banquettes.

It would all reek of a rich garden restaurant in Gaul even without a staff recruited in large from the beached liner *France*. The onion soup is a *vrai gratinée*, covered with a crust that would support a weight lifter. As a moderately priced tureen (at $1.75) it will also serve to summon memories of late nights after the galas aboard the *France*, or wee-hour sobering stops at Les Halles. The bass stuffed with fennel is an approach to the *loup de mer* of the Mediterranean.

Omni's embarrassment of riches—no family convention-followers who stay here could ever say, "What are we supposed to do while you're in those meetings?"—suffers only from occasional overlapping. Sound engineers are figuring ways of softening the squeals of delight that emanate from The World of Sid and Marty Krofft, echo across the courtyard, and wash over the diners dipping into a soufflé Rothschild in The French Restaurant. The World is reached aboard an eight-story escalator that rises out of the floor of the court. At the top, the customers, tall and short, are greeted by clowns, mimes, jugglers, and barkers who perform the quick transition from the real world into that of the Kroffts.

Such a transmogrification leads to adventures with Tina Tarantula, who has a human head that takes questions from the audience; to a few moments inside a silver ball as it bounces around the bumpers of a giant pinball machine.

Even without the imaginary magic dust that the mimes sprinkle on you, there seems no limit to Atlanta's fantasies. In what other Oz can you park all day in a midtown lot for $1.10? Or take a bus across town for fifteen cents? Who could be down in the depths dining on the seventieth floor? That must be what a supercity is all about. ◉



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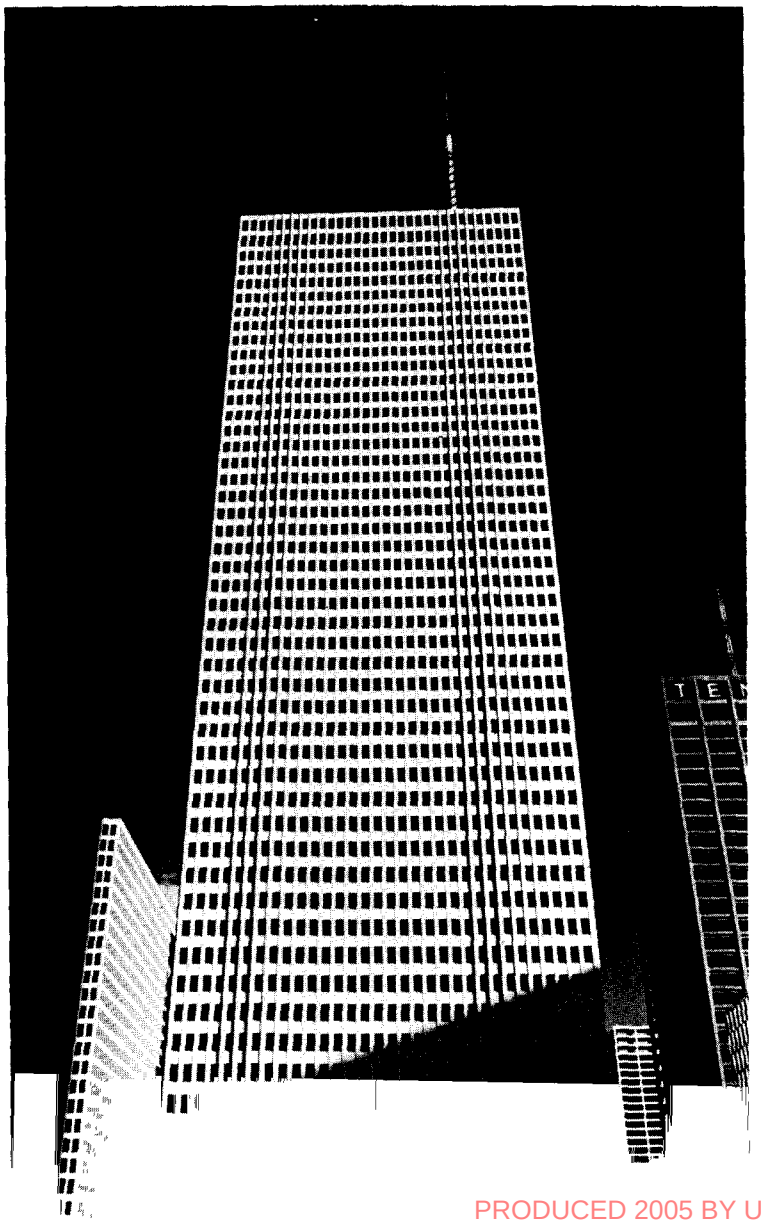
# 2. Houston

by Lynn Ashby

HOUSTON, the first word from the moon, is the last word in American cities. Big, strong, young, insufferably confident, Houston is rushing hell-bent into tomorrow without much thought about the day after. *The Wall Street Journal* calls Houston "the golden buckle of the 'Sun Belt.' " *New York Times* critic Ada Louise Huxtable calls Houston "*the* city of the second half of the twentieth century."

Within a generation the city has leapfrogged from being a drowsy Southern town not much different from scores of others to being a catchword for a modern, growing metropolis where anything is possible and anyone can try anything—at least once. It is small wonder that Houston is so attractive to young people, the modern-day Dick Whittingtons seeking their fortunes, who flock in at an increasing rate. The median age of its citizenry is now twenty-six years and gets younger with each new census.

*One Shell Plaza—"black gold is an easy answer."*



Somehow when the word "Houston" comes up, the word "new" seems to fit right in. Actually, the city has been around for some time, only no one noticed. It was founded in 1836 four months after the Battle of San Jacinto was fought on the muddy banks of Buffalo Bayou. Years later, the bayou was turned into the Houston Ship Channel, the world got hooked on oil, and the combination clicked.

Houston boomed and continued to boom. By 1940 Houston was hitting her stride. The population doubled in twenty years, tripled in thirty. Since the last official census, in 1970, it is estimated that another 423,000 persons have moved into Harris County—Houston and her immediate suburbs—and they are still pouring in at the rate of 1,000 persons a week. It is as though, within the past six years, every man, woman, and child in Fort Worth had moved to Houston. This is now the largest city in the South and sixth largest in the nation (if it hasn't already passed Detroit).

Why the rush? Black gold is an easy answer, but that would overlook the million-and-one other ways Houstonians turn a dollar. It would ignore the masses of merchants and steelworkers, lawyers and heart surgeons, who have no more to do with oil than do their colleagues and counterparts in Seattle or Cincinnati. To be sure, oil and gas and the overall petrochemical industry are the backbone of Houston's economy, but there is far more to Oil City than just oil.

George Washington might not feel comfortable in his namesake. Certainly Saint Francis wouldn't. But General Sam Houston would fit right in here, for no other city in America so accurately reflects the characteristics of its namesake as does Houston. Like the general on horseback who gazes over his city from on high, Houston is aggressive, unpretentious, adventuresome, given to Saturday-night specials and Sunday-morning religion. Unlike, say, Dallas and San Antonio, Houston is an open, loose city, where all men are created equal if they can afford it. There is money to be made in Houston—big money—and the accepted business theory is that you, too, can make a bundle if you are willing to pay the price.

A quick drive around Houston—and driving is the only way to get around Houston—shows that a goodly amount of money made here stays here. The downtown area, far from caving in to urban blight, is being built up and is growing in every direction. The biggest project of all is Houston Center, a Buck Rogersish plan by Texas Eastern Transmission Corporation to build a thirty-three-square-block development, partially on stilts, above the city's streets. When finished, it will have cost more than $2 billion (not one cent from the federal government) and will increase the size of downtown Houston by one-third.

Not long ago, Texas Eastern officials took their plans and drawings to a conference in Washington, D.C., but no one paid them the slightest attention, as the capital is long used to a parade of promoters with pie-in-the-sky plans. So a public-relations man tacked a small sign by the model:

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*A native Texan who worked on New York newspapers, Lynn Ashby writes a five-a-week column for the* Houston Post.



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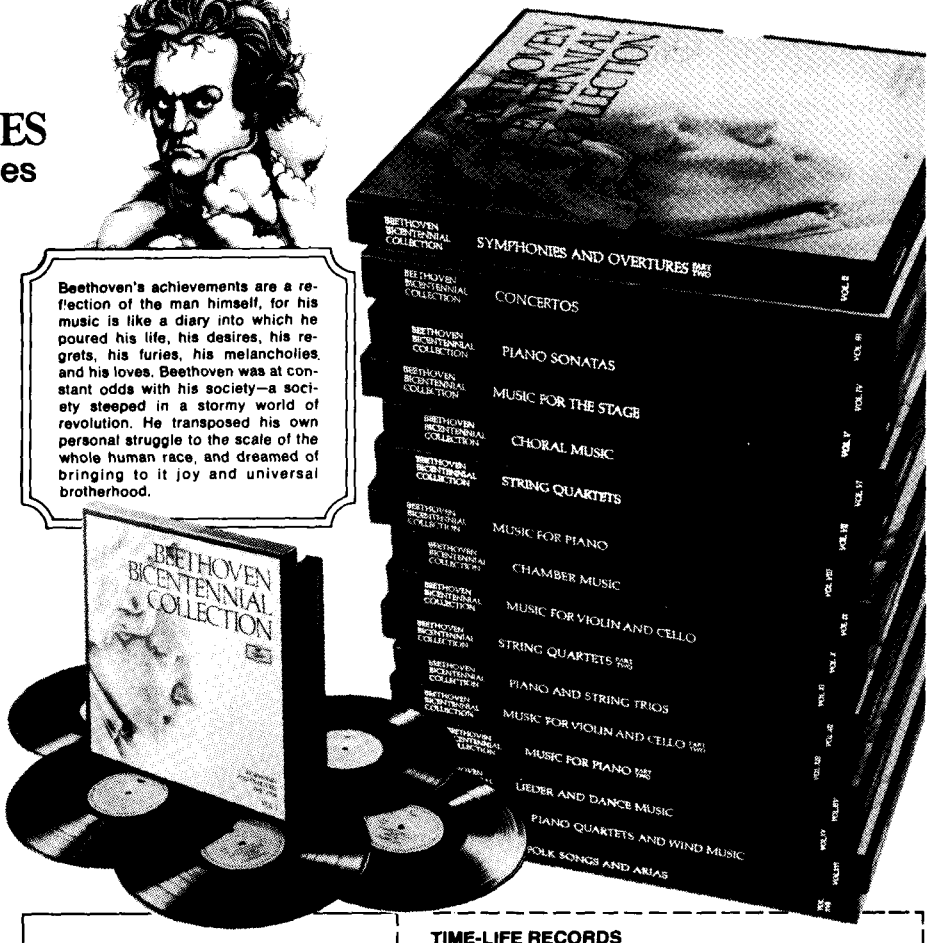


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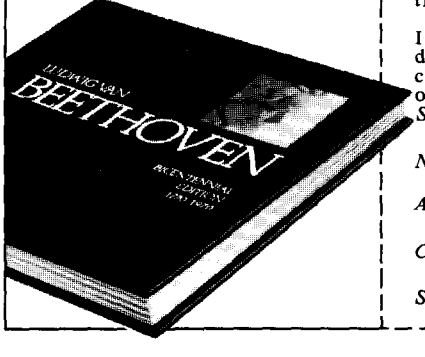


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UNDER CONSTRUCTION. "Suddenly everyone was interested," he recalled. "We weren't *talking*. We were *doing*."

On the outskirts of the central business district are other developments by those who weren't just talking, but doing. Greenway Plaza is already bigger than most downtowns and shows no signs of stopping. Just to the west is the Galleria—a multistoried enclosed shopping center with an ice-skating rink in the center. Ice skating on the hot flatlands of Texas might seem incongruous, but the sport is catching on fast, partly because Houston's only winning team of late has been the Aeros, the hockey team.

And, of course, there is the Astrodome, officially named the Harris County Domed Stadium. Home to the baseball Astros, the football Oilers, and assorted college and high school sports events, the Astrodome is, as they say, big as all indoors. What's more, it was a bargain at $36 million, compared to the Louisiana Superdome.

The Texas Medical Center may not make architectural history, but the work being done there is rewriting medical textbooks around the world. Such is its standing in medical circles that patients are coming to Houston from all over. The latest surge is from the Netherlands, where the Dutch government is helping to underwrite the cost of its heart patients who come to Houston for treatment.

Big, little, old, or new, if it is standing in Houston, it is probably air-conditioned. Houston lays claim to being the most air-conditioned city in the world, and no one has made a successful challenge. The reason for all the artificial air is obvious: the climate is usually hot and muggy, occasionally changing to muggy and hot. In times past, the British Foreign Office designated Houston a hardship post because of its climate, which diplomats likened to that of Accra and Bombay. "Whitehall queried that hardship status," a British consul observed a few years ago, "and I told them, 'My God! Haven't you people ever heard of air conditioning?' " Apparently they had, because no longer do three years in Houston count as four years toward retirement in the British Foreign Service.

WHAT kind of people live in Houston? In the city proper there are 1.4 million of them. Ethnically, it breaks down to about 70 percent white, 20 percent black, and 10 percent Mexican-American, with a growing Chinese-American population estimated at near 20,000. Individually, Houstonians range from Percy Foreman to Leon Jaworski, from Barbara Jordan to John Connally. A. J. Foyt lives in Houston. So do Gordie Howe, Glenn McCarthy, Denton Cooley, Michael DeBakey, Judge Roy Hofheinz, and a space capsuleful of astronauts.

The Lyndon Johnson Space Center is not within the city limits, but is just to the south, on land donated by Exxon before it was Exxon. Still, Houston claims the space center, and vice versa. The space program has had quite an impact on Houston—giving the baseball team a lofty name to shoot at, if nothing else—but day to day it is a little humbling to know that your neighbor has putted a golf ball on the moon.

Any newcomer to Houston is initially struck by the climate, the friendliness of the natives, and the construction. It is the last of the three that caused at least one visitor to observe: "Houston will be a nice town when they get it finished." Just when that will be is hard to say. Dun & Bradstreet reports that the dollar value of building permits issued in Houston last year surpassed that of every other city in the United States except for Los Angeles. Construction sites seem to spring up overnight, and yesterday's pasture is tomorrow's apartment complex. One reason is that land is relatively cheap in Houston when compared to cities on the East and West coasts.

In addition, the 207 miles of freeways make it quick and simple to get around town—if you avoid the deadly rush-hour traffic jams. As with learning the subway system in a strange city, the first need of a newcomer to Houston is learning the freeway system. Realtors will not say that a home is three miles farther west but, rather, that it is "only three minutes farther out on the Katy Freeway."

Other than the freeways, there are several adjustments any newcomer must make to Houston, for the city that sends men to the stars still has as its biggest social event the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo. Astronauts in covered wagons don't seem to go together. Some find it hard to reconcile monstrous skyscrapers looming over the official county hanging tree, which still grows in downtown Houston. And there are the street names: Travis, Fannin, Rusk, Lamar, Smith. They remind both old and new Houstonians that, for all its gaudy glass and chrome, Houston is still very much a part of Texas.

The chasms that have divided New York City from upstate, Chicago from downstate, and Boston from Massachusetts have not yet developed here. Houston is the given name, but the family name is still Texas. It shows up in a thousand small and subtle ways. Strange liquor laws, drawn to please East Texas Baptists, allow you to buy a home or a car or a pornographic magazine at times when you can't buy a drink. Until the new penal code went into effect three years ago, the law allowed a man to kill his wife's lover but not his wife, and at least one husband went to jail for shooting at the lover but killing his wife instead. In Texas poor marksmanship can be a punishable offense. Cattle brands are still registered at the Harris County courthouse, and wherever the Stars and Stripes fly in Houston, chances are that the Lone Star Flag flies on a separate but equal flagpole. And not a few newcomers to Houston are surprised to find that March 2—Texas Independence Day—is a state holiday.

Easterners dragged to Houston by their nomadic corporations often come with a combination of a pioneer's fear of the outback and a missionary's zeal to bring couth to the savages. They automatically assume that their children should be promoted at least one grade at school, and they rush down to purchase their Sunday *New York Times* for word from the outside world. Then, slowly, occasionally reluctantly, they come to realize that Houston long ago grew beyond the stockade. It has a fine symphony; an excellent opera, which is getting better with each season; and first-rate museums, excellent universities, and fashionable shops and stores. Houston has the third busiest port in the nation, along with one of the lowest costs of living. It has no city or state income taxes, and low property taxes. Houstonians claim, in all modesty, that their life-style is one of the best to be found in our lifetime anywhere, so it is no wonder that their city attracts the best.

Houston has always been a better-mousetrap sort of town, a magnet for those with an idea or a dream, from Sam Houston to Alan Shepard, who aren't just talking, but doing. Houston is not yet finished—it has not yet really arrived—but the trip is exhilarating. ◉



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# 3. New Orleans

by David Chandler

IN THE spring of this year, the world-renowned Isamu Noguchi flew to New Orleans to attend the International Sculpture Conference. His plane came in high over Lake Pontchartrain. More than a lake, it is a small inland sea, alive with the things of the deep, active with tugboats, barges, fishing trawlers, and craft with billowing sails.

Over the port wing he could see the skyline of New Orleans. It looked strangely futuristic. Mostly because of a building called the Superdome, the city looked on the verge of lifting off, of making departure for say, Venus.

The plane descended. It left the future and spiraled down, tracing the Mississippi River into the past. Its jet shadow passed over vast cane fields, strawberry farms, and tracts of undeveloped land. At 500 feet, it straightened into a final glide toward the runway. Time jumped into the Mesozoic. The plane appeared about to crash into a green-gray, murderous-looking cypress swamp. Mile after mile, the plane descended. It got so low it seemed to brush the trees. Herons and white egrets scattered in flight. Alligators and massive loggerhead turtles dived for their holes. All this could be seen from the plane. At the last possible moment before a crash, the runway appeared, as it has always done. Noguchi had flown a normal flight pattern into New Orleans.

The Mesozoic and departure for Venus—these are the extreme boundaries of New Orleans impressions.

The Mesozoic: mammoth and beautifully gardened City Park, with its giant ferns, palms, and flowering plants. For a year and a half now, attendants have battled alligators that eat ducks, swans, and sometimes pet dogs. The alligators appear to be winning.

Departure: six miles from the park is the huge Michoud complex, where Saturn moon rockets were built.

Noguchi, fascinated, having walked in City Park, having inspected the flora and fauna, having sniffed the Cretaceous, asked his hostess—Verna Landrieu, wife of the mayor—if he could be taken to the Superdome.

They arrived. They circled the fifty-two-acre building, and Noguchi looked. Finally he said, "It is the greatest piece of sculpture I have ever seen." He paused, smiled, then added, "After this, we sculptors can quit."

In the past ten years, two architects, Edward Durrell Stone and Buster Curtis, changed the skyline from the basic "New Orleans flat" (an interesting but relentlessly horizontal collection of eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century structures) to a soaring silhouette.

The two men who set off the change were Edward Durrell Stone and the late entrepreneur Clay Shaw. The latter was a specialist in international trade and the only man ever tried for the assassination of John Kennedy. That bizarre episode came during the reign of then District Attorney Jim Garrison, who alleged, on illusory evidence, that Clay Shaw was the perpetrator of the murder at Dallas. Shaw was acquitted.

In the early 1960s Shaw led a group that put together the financing for the new thirty-three-story International Trade Mart, which would be located beside the Mississippi River where Canal and Poydras streets meet. Stone was commissioned to design the building, which would be New Orleans's first skyscraper.

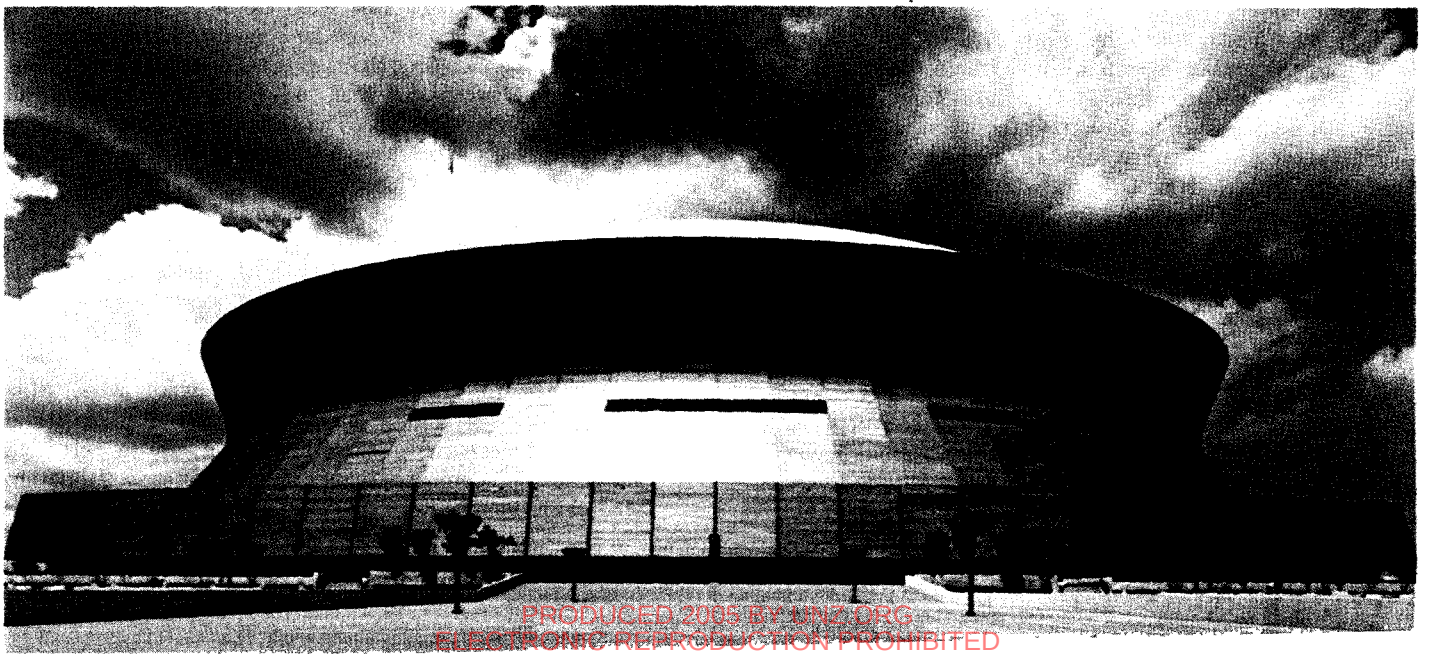
In its 258-year history New Orleans had never been able to build a tall structure. Its soil was considered too marshy. The city, after all, is almost entirely below sea level. Topographically, New Orleans lies in the bottom of a saucer. The rim of the saucer is the shoreline of Lake Pontchartrain and the Mississippi, whose waters, on the average, are about ten feet higher than the streets of New Orleans. Levees hold back the waters and save the city from destruction.

Stone developed a design that would support the Interna-

*David Chandler is a free-lance author who lives in New Orleans. His book,* The Natural Superiority of Southern Politicians: A Revisionist History, *will be published by Doubleday this fall.*

*Louisiana Superdome—"'After this, we sculptors can quit,' Noguchi said."*

Frank Lotz Miller



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tional Trade Mart. He designed Rivergate, a vast convention facility that would adjoin the mart. As construction began, political and private interests, inspired to lofty contemplation, began to dream of a superdome, an even bigger convention facility, which could house basketball, football, and baseball games. Covered and air-conditioned, with 72,000 column-free seats, it could provide year-long usage, an enormous advantage, considering the rainy, steamy weather that is often typical of New Orleans. In addition, the dome would contain 5,000 parking spaces, meeting areas for 12,000 people, and office space comparable to that of a fifteen-story building.

The Illinois Central railroad yards, an eyesore in the middle of the city, were chosen as the site of the Superdome. That site selection guaranteed a mile-long corridor along Poydras Street. The alteration of the city skyline and the widening of Poydras Street proceeded in matched step. In 1970 the forty-five-story Plaza Tower was completed. Half a dozen other skyscrapers have gone up along the corridor and its satellite streets in the years since.

And it doesn't stop. This summer the 1,250-room Hyatt Regency was completed in time to house the American Society of Travel Agents convention. The equally large New Orleans Hilton will open next year.

These new hotels, in addition to other large hotels completed near the corridor since 1971, such as the forty-two-story Marriott, give New Orleans more than 20,000 hotel rooms. That is the minimum figure considered necessary for major conventions.

Concurrently, the city saw other improvements, made possible by the energy and economic optimism generated by the corridor. The man responsible is Moon Landrieu, mayor for seven years. Despite large political and citizen opposition, Mayor Landrieu personally pushed through a stunningly successful renovation of the French Market complex, beside the Mississippi River. And an equally sparkling restoration of Jackson Square widened the streets into walking malls, replaced the asphalt with flagstone, and provided comfortable seating areas and small gardens.

IN TEN years New Orleans has seen more physical change than in any other decade in its history. It has attended to its old charms, and it has created, as well, symbols of new strength.

The most obvious of these new symbols is the Superdome, the largest finished building in the world.

The Superdome could contain Notre Dame, the Pantheon, St. Paul's, or the Astrodome. St. Peter's of Rome could not quite fit inside because it is too tall, though it is smaller in space. Yet, despite its massiveness, the masterwork designed by Buster Curtis, of New Orleans, which Noguchi sees as a prize sculpture, seems poised for flight. It is a supreme example of form following function.

The Superdome is emerging as a physical and metaphoric symbol of New Orleans. Hints of corruption and fraud have clung to the dome since it was first presented as a public-works idea eleven years ago. Cost was estimated then at $15 million. Since then, its construction price has soared more than tenfold, and its management proved so inept that in early 1976 the state took over its administration. Nevertheless, the dome survives and now it works.

New Orleans, too, has been mired in corruption, fraud, and poor management through much of its history. Bienville, the city's founder, in an early report to Versailles, called it a pesthole swamp, fit "only for alligators, mosquitoes, and snakes." The crown, however, trying to sell stock in the Louisiana territory to the populace, filed away Bienville's dismal reports and ordered him to write glowing new ones, evaluations that would be more appealing to prospective buyers. Bienville complied, the funds poured in, and some of them were used to build the city.

Since then, virtually all of New Orleans's construction —public and private buildings and possibly even the cathedral—has proceeded from the same basic impetus: someone, figuring to make a dollar out of it, got the idea on the track and moved it.

The practice, of course, is not unique to New Orleans, the most wickedly charming of American cities. If you are in step with her vibrations, she is soft-faced and loving, full of delightful surprises, and very, very permissive.

If we attached a color to her, it would be *café au lait*. New Orleans is a successful liaison between white and black throughout her history.

The architecture, often described as Spanish or French, is neither. It is "creole," meaning native to the region, and its closest counterparts are in the former Spanish and French colonies of the Caribbean and West Africa. There, using designs of whites, black craftsmen put the buildings together more or less as they chose.

The jazz musicians called New Orleans "Big Easy." The permissiveness of the city attracts both censure and praise from visitors. The streets are, without competition, the dirtiest in America. And its natives never hurry to their work, they amble. They meander along the sidewalk in no haste to reach their destination. They look about them, instead, for diversions, for things to see, for friends, and for reasons to avoid gainful pursuits.

The drinking laws are virtually nonexistent. Once licensed, bars can operate twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year. They don't close on Election Day. The law requires them to do so, but it is not enforced.

Each year, Big Easy attracts somewhere between 1.5 million and 2 million tourists and conventioneers. Following the convention capitals of Chicago and New York, New Orleans, with its new hotel rooms, now competes with Atlanta and San Francisco for the number-three position.

If the hotel rooms will seem familiar, there is much about New Orleans that will be singular. The accent may seem to some like Brooklynese. It isn't. It is an indigenous New Orleans accent, in which "oil" is pronounced "erl" and "oysters" become "ersters." The accent has been commented on for at least a century. Nobody knows its origin. But three out of every five Orleanians, white and black, have a strong trace of it. Others speak forms of "Southern."

In the evening, in the French Quarter, there is the music. Not only jazz but well-known rags, blues, even polkas. It is often discernible and clear, but sometimes vanishing, only to return, spiritlike. It is a magic sound, and most Orleanians do not know its source.

It comes from the calliopes of three paddle-wheel Mississippi River steamers—the *Natchez*, the *President*, and the *Delta Queen*. When these three boats are in port, tied end to end sometimes, their captains like to tease one another with the music, playing easy in the Big Easy. ◉



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# Cajun, Creole, and Corn Pone

## Catfish and Carolina are dandy, but the delta is a delicatessen where life is just a bowl of gumbo

Richard Jeffery

*Chicken Rochambeau—"the only culinary genius."*

by Peter S. Feibleman

A PLACE that has lost a war in the living room is apt to clutch at tradition all over the rest of the house—especially in the kitchen, where customs and manners have, in a literal sense, become a means of survival. Southern cooking is distinctly Southern. Pure South Louisiana cooking is, I think, not just the best but the only ethnic example of collective culinary genius to be found in the United States—but you have to go there to find it—and even there you have to be careful, because New Orleans has become a convention city and many famous restaurants catering to tourists are today considered by New Orleans people (in the local accent and vernacular) bad.

So go. Only, before you go, understand three things.

First, there is no one way of cooking anything in Louisiana—or the rest of the South—tradition notwithstanding. There are always at least two ways, and personal preference does more than prevail, it *endures*, with all the Faulknerian feistiness that word implies. In New Orleans more fights have started about how a certain dish is prepared than about anything else, including politics and wife-snatching. Leave your Protestant ethic at home and don't take what the first person says as gospel (including me): you're not in the Bible Belt here. Sin City belongs to the Holy See. Do what everybody says: "Eat around."

Second, the word "Creole" has no racial significance; it does not mean mulatto. Properly used, it applies to a group of colonists and their descendants who maintain the language and customs and manners of the mother country. The Creoles formed the aristocracy of New Orleans, where the colonists were largely French or Spanish, though Creole cooking includes other influences, among which are Indian, West Indian, African, Haitian, Italian, Mexican, and Cuban. Go fight City Hall, but don't eat there: it's that kind of town.

Third, "Cajun" is a corruption of the word "Acadian." It refers to some French settlers who immigrated to Nova Scotia in the early seventeenth century, got kicked out in the eighteenth by the English, sailed up and down the coast for a while, were rejected by the New England colonies, and wound up finally in the bayou country of South Louisiana, where they have managed to survive hurricanes, rotting food, yellow-fever epidemics, and Longfellow. One of the ways they have accomplished this is with hot red peppers mixed with vinegar, a few drops of which will disguise the taste of almost anything; correctly used, it's an improvement. Cajun food is always hotter than Creole. It is also hotter

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*Raised in New Orleans, Peter Feibleman is the author of* American Cooking: Creole and Acadian. *Playwright, novelist, and scriptwriter, he is the author of* The Killer, *a New Orleans novel, due next spring from Little, Brown.*



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than hell. I have a Cajun friend who douses anything he eats with Tabasco sauce (a local product) much the same way certain Midwesterners smother things in ketchup. He gave me a forkful of something to taste once, and I haven't had sinus trouble since. Cajun food is "Country French," a New Orleanian will tell you—Creole is "City French." Not quite accurate, but you know what he means: you eat plain, like folks, or you eat *grande cuisine.*

You take, for instance, gumbo. Gumbo is what happened to bouillabaisse when the first settlers—French—couldn't find eels, lobsters, or a Mediterranean fish called *racasse* in Louisiana. The second generation—Creoles—found they could get oysters, crabs, shrimp, pompano, and red snapper instead. Their fathers would have shunned those ingredients, but you know how kids are. A few native herbs and cooking techniques, *et voilà* . . . just don't make the mistake of imagining there's *one* gumbo. Growing up in New Orleans, I thought it was only my age and size that allowed two cooks to heave pots at each other over my head. I was wrong, since the dispute about whether okra or filé powder makes a better thickener is still going on. I went back this year to finish a novel and got in the middle of the same fight, the only difference being my height. When you're taller, you have to

**"They say in New Orleans that Northern cooks go by what they think they ought to do rather than by their palates."**

duck. You also tend to take sides, which is a mistake. New Orleans people can get rather emotional about food, and things aren't always said simply. I, for instance, wouldn't go around saying I like okra gumbo better. It's not a question of better. It's just that I wouldn't want to have too much to do with anybody who preferred filé gumbo on a regular basis. Once in a while, yes—once in a while I'll do anything. So will the rest of New Orleans. And the town is full of kitchen talk. . . .

In fact, the only fair way to deal with Southern cooking is to be unfair about it. Prejudice is not a dirty word as applied to food; you can't explain matters of taste, all you can do is act on them. "I like this," "I like that," will get you by in the South just as well as the "shoulds" and "woulds" do in the North, if not better. They say in New Orleans that Northern cooks go by what they think they *ought* to do rather than by their palates. Forget *ought*, it makes for timidity in the kitchen; conscience doth make cowards of you-all.

I like red beans and rice. It's one of the original soul foods —the best, I think—and it's regular Monday fare in New Orleans. This came about because ham is regular Sunday fare and you need the ham bone for the beans. The marrow adds a silky texture to the thickness of this dish, which (my version) combines onion, garlic, thyme, oregano, and either pickled meat or sausage. Or both. Without too much flour.

Still a delicate point: watch that thickener. Flour has been known to wreck more Southern recipes, from fried chicken to turtle soup, than any other single ingredient. Creole and Cajun cooks have in common that they put the flour in first rather than last. Most dishes start with a *roux*, a mixture of flour and fat or flour and oil (flour and butter in the North), browned over a low flame until it's the right color. The trouble is, a *roux* can turn from light to dark in a second, and once it's burned, you have to throw it out and start over. I remember when I was six or seven knowing from the look on the cook's face when a *roux* was right—having learned to stay away from her when it wasn't. I once heard a famous Northern chef, a fancy gent who shall be nameless, say to a black Southern cook that he thought a *roux* was exactly right when it turned to the color of dried jonquils. I'll never forget the look on her face either.

THESE I like: Cold boiled crabs. A platter of them, with cold beer, by the lakefront in New Orleans on a spring day when the wind veers up strong over the water, soft and wet, and the sky turns from airless white-hot to black on no notice.

Baked oysters. Three kinds: Rockefeller, Roffignac, and Bienville. The best place for them in New Orleans is a restaurant called Commander's Palace, in the Garden District, the one recently taken over and renovated by the Brennan sisters. "Two-two-two" is a dish on the menu that will get you a couple of each kind, baked with green, gold, and red toppings. Like many other New Orleans families, the Brennans have split, and the brothers Brennan have taken over the French Quarter restaurant that bears the family name. Don't go there. Don't go to Antoine's either. Through the years, many New Orleans restaurants have kept a secret entrance or a secret telephone number for use by local people who don't want to wait in a long tourist line or eat what tourists eat. Nothing helps anymore; one healthy medical convention can cripple almost any restaurant in town.

Raw oysters. I like eating them at any one of the oyster bars in the French Quarter at the end of a dusty morning with the river smells and the sounds of traffic. A man will shuck them for you as you eat them. I remember my father handing them down to me, one by one, when I was too small to reach up. Most local people prefer to eat oysters in an *r* month (September through April), not because they're poisonous for the rest of the year (out-of-towners for some reason jump to this conclusion, which isn't the truth) but because they're changing sex. I'm sorry about that, but there it is. Apparently it can happen to anybody. Mature oysters can't move around, and once they've settled on a bed, they're there for life, and if they didn't change sex there wouldn't be any little oysters. Think of it that way. When they're changing, they're milky and bloated and don't taste as good, but they won't hurt you.

Thick, heavy Creole turtle soup is a wonder in winter, on a cold gardenia night when you walk in from the smell of the flowers to the smell of cooking. It puts the watery Northern version of turtle soup to shame.

Hot beef daube, in December and January, and the summer version, daube glacée: cold beef in spice-hot aspic with vegetables.

Stuffed vegetables are wonderful in New Orleans, all of them, from eggplant to a thing called mirliton, a local squash you can't find elsewhere.

I like going to the bayou country to eat crawfish and shrimp. Both are best boiled, I think. If you buy the spices already measured in a bag (Zatarin's is the one), you can sit by the edge of a stream, make a campfire, and boil your



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## Author's Choice

**If Feibleman were Michelin, stars would fall on these New Orleans restaurants**

IN THE French Quarter:
GALATOIRE'S is still good. Coat and tie, no reservations.

MARTI'S. Fairly new (by New Orleans standards) and good for lunch or dinner. Not overly dressy. Moderately priced.

MASSINA'S. For lunch. Tiny. Looks like a country roadside diner. Good Creole and Cajun food with an Italian twist.

RUGGERIO'S. Small. Neighborhood-silly and nice. Barbershop, bar, dining room, all run by the family.

TUJAGUE'S. One of the oldest. Still a good five-course meal for five dollars. Boiled beef among other things.

Either ACME OYSTER HOUSE or FELIX'S, across the street, for raw oysters.

ELSEWHERE:
COMMANDER' S PALACE, in the Garden District. Superb food. Elegant. Just redecorated. Best of its kind in the city.

CARIBBEAN ROOM, in the Pontchartrain Hotel, on St. Charles Avenue. One of the old ones. Also elegant, never changes, no conventions, and still tops.

BON TON CAFÉ. Good lunch place, specializes in Cajun dishes.

PASCAL MANALE'S. Uptown. No reservations. No tie. Oyster bar while you wait for your table. Fine Creole cooking. Apt to be crowded, go early.

LE RUTH. Across the river, in Gretna. Reservations. Very good.

CHEZ HELENE. The best soul-food restaurant in town.

own crawfish. Something about the smell of wet earth and green goes with them. Something about the swamp. The basin formed by the Atchafalaya River is a fine swamp, one of the last great wilderness areas, and little country Cajun restaurants around it are often good. Jambalaya is a kind of Cajun *paella* made of shrimp and rice. I like eating it in one of those small places overlooking the knobby knees in the water, the cypress and tupelo gum trees and the deep earth.

Farther south, just above the Gulf, there is another landscape, a fringe called by the Cajuns *la prairie tremblante*, a flat yellow trembling prairie of reeds and high grasses. There are several small communities there, among them a savage and dreamless little town called Morgan City, once a shrimp port. The town emblem now is an oil rig encircled by a shrimp wearing a hard hat. The discovery of oil in the Gulf has changed Morgan City to a boomtown. I needed to research it this spring and wound up writing part of my novel there. A good place for that, and for eating. A restaurant called Don's, in Morgan City, can do just about anything with a crawfish, from salad to crawfish pie, and the same with shrimp—Cajun cooking at its best. It's only about a two-hour drive from New Orleans and the flat look of the reeds and the wonderful brackish smell of the water help you know why—and how—Cajuns cook as they do. Nobody else has succeeded in doing quite what they can do to frog legs—a brown *roux* larded with vegetables and a *sauce piquante*. There's a bayou that runs through Morgan City, and on it are a couple of bars I like. Oilmen in need of a drink sail their hard hats in first; if a hat doesn't come out in five minutes, they follow. You can get a better piece of pecan pie in either of those little bars than in most Southern restaurants; it's rich and sweet and it is meant to keep you from falling down drunk, and it works.

My own favorite Southern desert is one that several cooks around our neighborhood worked up one day to give a zing to something everyone else called ambrosia, which is plain sliced oranges and grated coconut. They sliced a watermelon lengthwise, hollowed it out, scooped balls from it (and from several other kinds of melon), and added whatever fresh fruit was in season. Layers of the mixed melon balls and fruit went back into the watermelon shell, alternating with layers of orange and coconut, heaped up high out of the shell, then chilled. Just before it was served (if there was company), a bottle of champagne was opened and poured over the whole thing. It was good. So was the *café brûlot* that went with it, a mixture of coffee and brandy and orange peel and spices. The hot and the cold went well together in all weathers.

Outside of Louisiana, Southern cooking takes on a blander taste and sometimes a more delicate one. Creole *grande cuisine* is replaced by things like corn bread or, rather, a spectrum of corn breads, ranging from mash to fragile spoon bread, including a pudding that has fresh corn kernels and the faint smell of nutmeg. Maryland has steamed crabs and its own terrapin stew—less spicy, but good. I happen to like the way people from Maryland fry chicken better than the way anybody else in the South does—light and crisp, you should pardon the commercial, and juicy.

I like Virginia ham baked with brown sugar and bread crumbs, served with beaten biscuits. Pickle relishes and chutneys are great in the South. So are greens (turnips, mustard, dandelion, or collard) that have been cooked with ham hock (or salt pork or bacon) and black-eyed peas. I like that dish especially. Alabama and Mississippi both do it proud.

I like pickled shrimp, with lemons, onions, ginger, mustard, and mace. Try that in Georgia.

Catfish anything. Even stew. It's best fried, I think, with hush puppies made from fresh cornmeal. Almost anywhere in the South you can find that. South Carolinians make magic out of it.

Grits elude me, but hoecakes don't, and neither does Kentucky country sausage with fried apple rings. Apple butter (North Carolina) is a marvel on hot biscuits. Conch chowder in Florida. Breakfast in Tennessee with sorghum molasses. Pork and yams in the Ozarks.

Iced tea anyplace, with fresh mint and a jigger of orange juice. Add a jigger of vodka and you have what Adelaide Brennan calls an "ice pick."

Good Southern cooking seems perfumed. It has a sort of spangled quality. I like that more than anything, and it's impossible to explain, and so is the South, except in fiction. But the food is there—as good as it always was.

Go. And eat. ◉



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(Advertisement)

# "What do you do when you know you are living in a third rate literary epoch, and you don't want to lie about it?"

People think that the main problem of editing the back of *The New Republic* lies in engaging the cultural interests of a politically sophisticated audience. In fact, our audience is probably characterized less by its political sophistication than by other, equally elusive, elements. For one thing, it reads us almost every week, 48 times a year, which means that we are part of a certain rhythm of its intellectual life—not a magazine to wrap tonight's fish in (although sometimes the temptation must be fierce), yet not one to line up carefully on one's shelf either, or to set aside for next month's reading. **Moreover our audience does not read or need us for news but for commentary**—this pertains to book reviews, especially, as one can often tell whether or not to buy a book by reviews in daily papers or other descriptive material; our essays must provide something more. For a third, our audience does not need us for a list of best sellers, but for more quietly celebrated books that might otherwise evade their attention. Fourth and perhaps most telling, our audience is a stable one—familiar with an old magazine of which it has firm and often ferociously expressed expectations. **For one of the nation's most liberal magazines we boast some of the nation's most conservative readers.**

Put these factors together—along with our readers' political orientation—and you have a sense of the questions that continually prod the back of the book. What sort of literary section does one aim for when you generally, and deliberately, run reviews after publication dates; when you do not get (and therefore do not depend on) much book advertising; when at most you can cover eight or 10 books per issue; when your readers are familial to violent extremes; when you know you are living in a third-rate literary epoch, and you don't want to lie about it; and when you are neither *Daedalus* nor *The New York Times*, for which all three publications should be wildly grateful?

The question of late reviews answers itself. This past year *The New Republic* has listed among its reviews Alfred Kazin, Malcolm Cowley, Germaine Brée, Howard Mumford Jones, Irving Howe, Hillis Miller, Richard Ellmann, Harold Bloom, I.A. Richards, Richard Poirier, Clare Booth Luce, Peter Gay, James Dickey, Robert Conquest, Denis Donoghue, John Updike, Harry Levin, Erich Segal and others, all of whom are busy, and are willing to write for us for peanuts, but only on their own time, which is worth waiting for.

**Every issue of *The New Republic* tries to line up articles that make sense together—a theme, topic, period, attitude—something to leave an impression of the state of the culture, if only momentarily, on the reader.** Done right—and I would say that it is done well only two out of five issues—the connections among reviews and essays in the back of the book form yet another essay by inference. This essay, I believe, is what gives a magazine character, making it something other than the pieces it contains.

The difficult duty, after a while of watching cultural patterns, is to confess what one sees. **Understandably, one major job of a literary reviewer is to seek out the best in the culture, and to praise it and pass it along.** My distinguished predecessors Edmund Wilson and Malcolm Cowley made careers of doing just that. They were blessed with good eyes and good times.

Less distinguished and less able than those two, I have more trouble counting blessings. The novels keep coming at a fast pace; non-fiction comes in even faster; and certain reviewers, playing groupies to publishers and authors, respond faster still: this will be the most talked about book of the year; a sure-fire best seller. **But the truth as I see it is that we are celebrating a period of vast and arrogant mediocrity,** in literature and other arts—a period not unlike the Bicentennial itself, which generally has not, as many initially feared, become a vehicle for the cheap and gaudy, but has become something considerably worse: dead lies to cover for a lonely and fearful land. **In such a period reviewers must discriminate ruthlessly between the worthy and unworthy.**

Of late *The New Republic* has surprised and angered some of its readers by deliberately dealing with popular culture: with books about popular culture, film and television criticism, mystery stories, comics, cartoonists, rock music, and science fiction. There will be more of such dealings in the future, not in the interests of garnering surprise and anger, but in order to remind ourselves that culture is process. Popular culture, no different from high culture, is to be taken seriously but not for granted. Quality is always the issue; and the fact, as I see it, is that popular culture is in no hotter shape than modern literature. Agree or disagree, you can always beg that question by blaming the people—if this is what they want, this is what they get. But who is to say—particularly with so commercial a medium as television, for example—how cultural appetities are disclosed or encouraged? It wasn't popular demand that created the Marx brothers.

**It is no easy feat to make and urge cultural discriminations.** Even in the best of times one must be awfully sure of one's judgments; and if you feel sure of some judgments, will you not be just as shaky on some others? There may be value in sincere opposition, nevertheless. I mean oppostion for its own sake, standing on no ground but its own, until the right thing comes along.

This said, you can take yourself too seriously in this business. None of us in these positions speak self-confidently for the age or culture. **The point is to push one's readers as you push yourself, to suggest that the essence of culture is self-criticism, and that the truth about a work of art—and a number of other things—often hurts precisely because it lies outside the self.** To provide a continuous nagging and carping; it is the only way to go, I think, in so timid a time.

**Roger Rosenblatt**


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# In Search of Quail and Julep

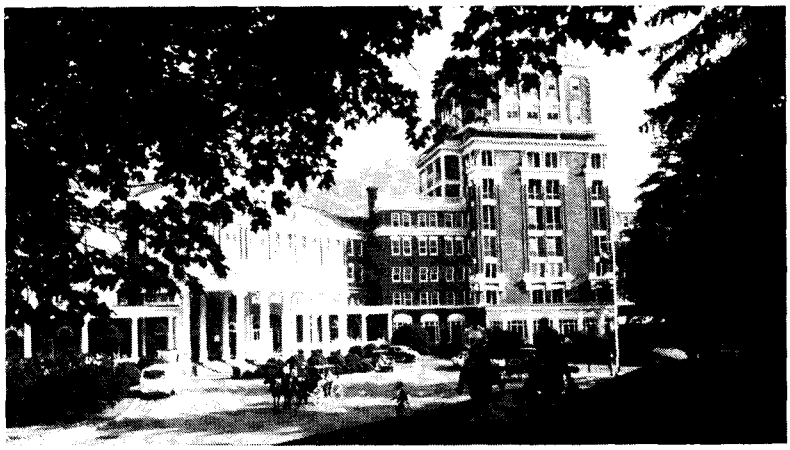
## A scattering of bide-a-wees in the shade of magnolia and palms

by David Butwin

THE GREENBRIER: Stately colonnaded antebellum resort at White Sulphur Springs, W.Va. Present 650-room mansion, built in 1913, folds into scenic Alleghenies on 6,500 acres of formal gardens, shade trees, woodlands, and mountain trails. Golf's the big draw (three eighteen-hole courses), but there are fifteen outdoor, fifteen indoor tennis courts, trap and skeet fields, swimming pools, platform tennis, mineral baths, and carriage rides in the countryside. Double rooms, American plan, April to November: $105–$125.

PIPESTEM: Poor man's Greenbrier. Handsome seven-story lodge snuggles into wooded hillside in southern West Virginia near Hinton. Surrounded by 4,000-acre Pipestem State Park, glorious in autumn. Park has nine- and eighteen-hole courses, tennis, riding, fishing, archery, arts and crafts center. New thirty-room Mountain Creek Lodge, at base of Bluestone Canyon, is accessible only by tramway. Poor man's rates—$22–$24 double, March to October, lower in off-season.

THE HOMESTEAD: Genteel all-purpose mountain resort on 17,000-acre estate high in the Virginia Alleghenies at Hot Springs. Three golf courses, fifteen tennis courts, two bowling lanes, forested riding trails, afternoon teas to music, surrey and buckboard rides. Snow-making machines, Olympic-size rink, keep things going in winter. Piedmont flies to Hot Springs from Cincinnati, Washington, D.C., and Atlanta. High-ceilinged rooms rent for $110 double, April to October, with meals.



*Virginia's Homestead—"mountain estate."*

*Carolina's Pinehurst—"rambling institution."*

WILLIAMSBURG INN: All the amenities of 1976 in 1776 Virginia setting. If you tire of swimming, golf, tennis, lawn games, and biking, there is always Williamsburg itself—white-columned, bewigged, and as busy as it was in Colonial times. Guests stay in terraced Regency-furnished inn or in one of two dozen restored Colonial houses ($40–$54 double).

TIDES INN: Small, smart tidewater resort on twenty-five landscaped acres where the Rappahannock flows into Chesapeake Bay. If you don't bring your own yacht, the Tides has three it uses for luncheon cruises or up-the-river fish fries. Golf, tennis (unlimited playing time), and all the water sports. Four-night minimum, $110 double, American plan.

HOUND EARS LODGE & CLUB: Tiny Blue Ridge chalet nestles deep in a western North Carolina valley. In summer, upland peace, fine eighteen-hole golf course, tennis, and riding trails are main attractions; in winter, skiing on the slopes near the old resort town of Blowing Rock. Puffing, narrow-gauge Tweetsie Railroad is just a hoot away. Lodge has only twenty-four rooms—$88 double, all meals.

PINEHURST HOTEL & COUNTRY CLUB: Golf's still king here—there are five courses and the World Golf Hall of Fame—but other sports and games are catching up at this rambling white-frame North Carolina institution. Australian Tennis Institute gives four-day, three-night clinics at fourteen-court tennis club. Also riding, skeet and trapshooting, biking, horse shows, fox hunting, quail hunting in season, and a disco at night. Lavish parks and roadways in area were designed by Frederick Law Olmsted, who did Central Park. Modified American plan, $70–$100.

KIAWAH: New South Carolina Sea Island development calls itself "possibly the last great resort to be built in America." And what built it? Kuwaiti oil money. Cypress and cedar-shake cottages, plank walkways, beach, pool, restaurant, nature trails, golf and tennis facilities all built in a cluster, so a car's not necessary. Short drive from Charleston. Four-night, five-day packages, $370.

THE CLOISTER: Quiet, carefully manicured resort on



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Georgia's causeway-connected Sea Island. Swingers need not apply. Jimmy Carter likes to hide away in private residence nearby. Lawn games, eighteen tennis courts (unlighted; night tennis is not in The Cloister's style), thirty-six golf holes. Glistening white hotel has 237 rooms, large beachfront cottages have 310 others. Doubles, American plan, $74–$120.

Neighboring St. Simon's Island, haunted with history (Aaron Burr rested briefly here after the Hamilton duel), boasts refurbished ninety-four-room King and Prince Hotel with golf, tennis, shuffleboard, historic tours. Another sea island, state-owned Jekyll, has spruced-up "Millionaire's Cottages" and now offers tours of this mansion colony where Rockefellers, Pulitzers, Morgans, and others once wintered.

AMELIA ISLAND PLANTATION: Full-blown barrier island resort, from the people who brought you Sea Pines Plantation, at Hilton Head, S.C. Forty-minute drive from Jacksonville airport. Small lodge, cottages, and villas hide neatly in dunes, sea grass, and moss-draped oaks. Twenty-seven golf holes, but tennis is bigger. Don Paitrick heads all-American sports instructional clinics from fall to spring at plush racquet club. Take a bike ride on endless hard-packed beach, or hoof it on boardwalk trail through sunken forest and marshland. Golf and tennis packages.

BOCA RATON: Florida-Moorish splendor on Gold Coast, south of Palm Beach. Castlelike hotel, tiled patios, gargoyle fountains, oceanfront Cabana Club, survive from 1926 opening. Three golf courses, twenty tennis courts, are modern additions. Also fishing, charter boats, waterskiing. Doubles, $60 and up.

INNISBROOK: An oasis of golf and tennis near Tarpon Springs, on Florida's west coast. Understated, unhurried. Five pools, four dining rooms. Peacocks strut on thickly planted grounds. Twenty-four lodges (with 813 rooms, $70–$90 double) spread over 1,000 landscaped acres.

GRAND HOTEL: White-columned grandeur on Mobile Bay. Widespread diversions include deep-sea fishing and waterskiing, horseback riding and bicycling. Mobile's azalea-strewn gardens and revived mansions are twenty-three miles away. Modified American plan, $65–$77.

CALLAWAY GARDENS: Far more than a flower garden, Callaway's 2,500 acres, at Pine Mountain, Ga., occupy families with trail riding, golf, tennis, quail hunting (with dogs and guides), waterskiing, and even circus performances. Well-furnished 365-room Holiday Inn is only overnight lodging ($30 double).

GULF HILLS INN AND GOLF CLUB: What's a dude ranch doing on the Mississippi Gulf Coast? Gulf Hills is almost that, with horseback riding, barbecues, cookouts, and hay rides. Also golf, lighted tennis, fishing. Town of Ocean Springs is site of Old Biloxi and headquarters for Gulf Islands National Seashore. "New" Biloxi, a Gulf Coast resort since the 1840s, drips with Spanish moss, magnolia, and crape myrtle. Doubles only, $47–$55, American plan.

COBBLY NOB: Deluxe mountain lodge hidden away in timbered folds of Tennessee's Great Smokies. Private balconies look out on acres of spruce, hemlock, white ash, purple rhododendron, mountain laurel, wild azalea. Nearby Gatlinburg is gateway to Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Inn has tennis, swimming, trout fishing, horseback riding, hiking, and golf.

LAKE BARKLEY LODGE: Attractive new state-owned inn in Kentucky's ham and tobacco country. Lodge is in Lake Barkley State Park, near Cadiz, on a 170,000-acre wooded isthmus called Land Between the Lakes. Rooms with private patios and balconies overlook lake. All water sports, tennis, riding, golf, lawn games. Double, $25, April–October.

ARLINGTON HOTEL & BATHS and MAJESTIC HOTEL: Neighboring spas in Hot Springs, Ark.—Dixie's Baden-Baden. Colorful resort city nearly surrounds Hot Springs National Park, 3,140 acres of hills, valleys, and lakes. Take the waters on Bathhouse Row—or settle for a courteous guided tour. Guests at Arlington and Majestic's rambling old buildings can use forty-five holes of golf, tennis, horseback riding, four lakes. All double rooms for $35 or less. Hot Springs hits its peak from early February to early April, when Oaklawn Jockey Club runs daily (except Sunday) horse races.

*Florida's Innisbrook—"understated oasis."*

HILTON HEAD, S.C.: An island connected to mainland America by a bridge, given over in toto to The Good Life. All told, eleven golf courses and 100 tennis courts. Pioneer developer, Sea Pines Plantation, on 5,000 acres, with its own snug little town, can offer 2,400 rooms in rentable condominium villas. Palmetto Dunes has a large Hyatt Hotel as well as rentable villas and Laver-Emerson tennis. Channel and ocean fishing. Flat sand beach. Handy to Savannah; direct air service to the island. (Full-scale article in forthcoming issue of *SR*.)

SEABROOK ISLAND, S.C.: Tree houses on the lagoon, villas on a golf course. Three and a half miles of beach, clay tennis courts. Sailboats, tackle, and bikes to rent. Half-hour drive to Charleston. ◉

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*A former travel editor of* Saturday Review, *David Butwin is a free-lance writer who writes often on travel.*



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# We never left home.

For us who are The Progressive Farmer Company, home is The South.

A region. An environment. A burgeoning economy. A people with a different way of life; a vigorous people, risen from history and reaching for the future.

And while in this Bicentennial Year – along with celebrating the birth of a nation – we are observing two birthdays in our publishing family, what we are *really* celebrating is The South.

## "Saint Augustine stands above itself in a fortress made of seashells..."

The South we celebrate is home to *Progressive Farmer*, that venerable yet contemporary magazine, now in its 90th year of service to the 85% of farm families who have been reading and heeding its pages every year for all those crusading years.

We are also celebrating the 10th birthday of *Southern Living*, one of the most dynamic magazines in all of publishing

## "Is Florida what was promised? In some ways; in some ways."

history and in so doing, we light birthday candles to the Southern life style and culture it shapes and shares. It is less than modest to say so, but *Southern Living* is a publishing phenomenon – going far beyond what we had hoped for and imposing upon us a responsibility to our audience that is awesome.

In an almost uncanny way, what The South *is*, these two remarkable magazines *are*, once again proving the truism that media reflect people directly.

If The South is a geographical region – and it is an entity of 16 sovereign states, linking arms from Delaware to Texas – these two magazines blanket that region. National magazine coverage in the region is a salt and pepper sprinkling.

## "Mobile. The sun is up...and the morning is climbing in a hurricane of azaleas."

Only when *Progressive Farmer* and *Southern Living* are added is there meat and potatoes coverage.

If we treat of The South as an environment, the record shows that *Southern Living* dealt in depth editorially with gardening, flowers and landscaping, and travel, not to mention sports, recreation and hobbies to the tune of 419 pages out of an editorial total of 1,023 in 1975 alone. (The list of advertisers is even more impressive, and possibly worth a business inquiry.)

The story of The South's emerging economy has often been told. But perhaps no magazine has better *foretold* that fact than *Progressive Farmer* over the years, with its "lifelong" crusade for the development of less than rich soil, and the husbandry of less than promising farm animals, compared to those reared elsewhere in the country. This editorial fight, supported by the avid readership of the magazine, stimulated laws and procedures and methods of farming that not only benefited the Rural South, but gave balance to the developing Industrial South, too.

## "West Texas...If you had all this land, what would you do with it?"

Today, industry and agriculture are at peace with each other in The South, and Nature makes room for them both. Nor does business so consume its executives that the uses of leisure are forgotten. The mountains and streams, and shores of The South are seldom left to pine for the company of men, and the sons of men.

To say nothing of their beautiful wives and daughters.

## "Now east, and low mountains, and lots of lakes fingering through them. These are the hills of Arkansas."

If The South is shared by people with a different way of life – and it is – this is reflected in the one-of-a-kind characteristic of both *Progressive Farmer* and *Southern Living*. Other magazines may appear vaguely like them, but on close examination they are in fact unique. (As witness the fact that *Progressive Farmer*, since 1907, has published different editions for different states because one state's peanuts are not

## "Under the Mississippi type soil ...the peanuts are lying, getting ready for candy bars."

another state's citrus.) And *Southern Living*'s recipes are of The South, Southern.

There is no mistaking them for any other sectional cuisine.

Speak of The South in any way you like, it is in some meaningful way mirrored in either the editorial or advertising pages of our birthday publications...and more often than not in both. And in the readership that has faith in what these magazines say.

The South is a giant and growing market of 68 million Americans. And remember, every third baby born in this

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Bicentennial Year will be born to fish and swim in Southern waters.

## "Tennessee comes to us in mountains and music...Virginia, with the meadows that are colleges."

If we sound enthusiastic about The South, a thorough study of the most modern research information – with its exciting projections – makes our rhetoric appear almost reticent.

And, if we have appeared to dwell overmuch on our own success within the context of the boisterous growth of The South, it is because that success has been very real. We are proud of it. Yet we hope not prideful. Because our responsibilities ahead are enormous. To the task of building and expanding the abilities of our magazines to do "what serves The South," we have added new and demanding ventures. Notably, a fledgling publishing enterprise, known as *Oxmoor House* – whose most signal success to date is the tremendously successful "Jericho" – combining the talents of a Southern painter and a Southern poet. The painter, Hubert Shuptrine. The poet, James Dickey, from whose text of this marvelous book we have borrowed some of the "verbal illustrations" that dot this advertisement.

*Oxmoor House* has published other works, too. And looks ahead to another season of offerings that celebrate The South...as does one of its newer releases, "Classic Lines," an intimate look at the thoroughbred horse.

## "Atlanta...Somewhere someone is building it from the middle."

The South. It is our home. We serve the farms, the homes, and the people who are our neighbors. We share their way of life, and we seek to improve it.

Through our magazines. Through the dissemination of art. And poetry. And recipes. And accurate information that is constructive and usable.

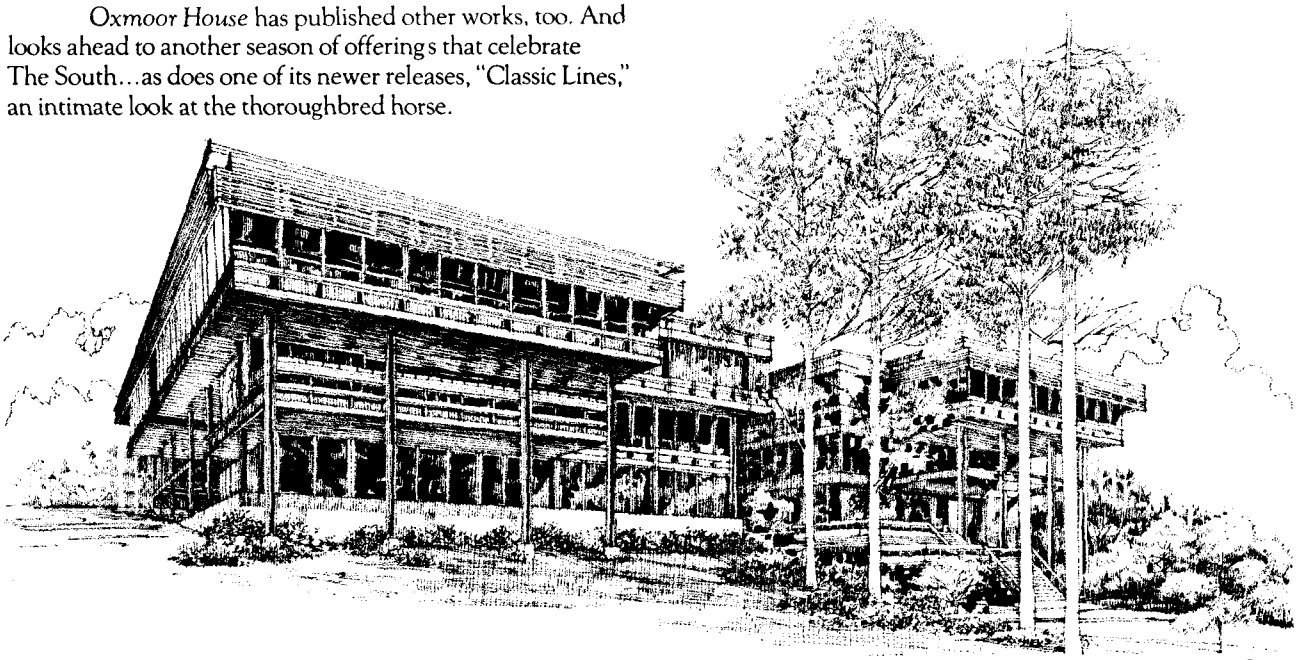
And if we could point to any one thing that has made our successes to date possible, it would probably be the fact that – *We never left home.*

Nor do we intend to.

Perhaps it is true what Mr. Dickey says, somewhere in the midst of "Jericho":

"For you never *just* pass through The South. The South not only *grows* on you; it grows around you. Once there, you will come back, or you will stay in it long enough to die there."

## We never left home.



Home, is The Progressive Farmer Company's new building on Shades Creek Parkway near Mountain Brook Village, Birmingham, Alabama. It has won several design awards. And derives much of its beauty from the architect's wisdom of seating it amidst some of Birmingham's well known natural beauty.

## Welcome to the South.

Good things are happening here every day. We hope you'll visit us in person, or through our magazines. If you'd like a sample copy please write us on your letterhead. We'll be glad to include *Southern Living* or *Progressive Farmer* market information or travel market information on the South if you request it.

Emory Cunningham

President & Publisher
Progressive Farmer Company
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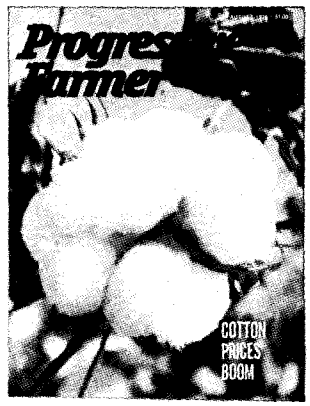
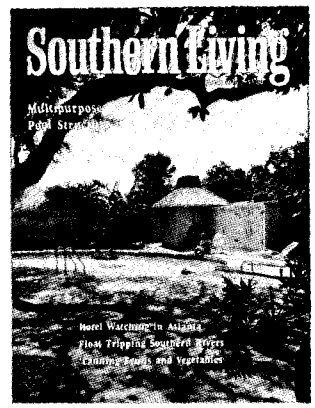
Birmingham, Alabama 35202

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# High Notes in the Honeysuckle

## From Nashville to New Orleans, the South is a fountain of American musical art abubble with jazz, country, and bluegrass

## 1. Clarinet a la Creole

by Irving Kolodin

EVERYBODY knows jazz was born around New Orleans, went up the river to Memphis and St. Louis, and eventually on to Chicago. (That's the authentic jazz, not the diluted "white version" that surfaced in New York after World War I.) Not too many people know what happened *before* it was old enough to travel and leave New Orleans. Those who do, put heavy stress on Buddy Bolden, whose horn, it was said, could be heard a mile away when the wind was from the right (French) quarter; on Joe Oliver; and on their brass-playing descendants—Tommy Ladnier, Freddie Keppard, and, greatest of all, Louis Armstrong. Few, however, sing the praises of the clarinet players who gave the mixture the kind of flavor that okra gives to gumbo.

At the outset, New Orleans was one of the world's great slave markets, the center of a trade from Africa and the islands that brought blacks by the thousands to work the fields and tend the homes of the well-to-do. But it was, as well, basically a French (and Spanish) city for nearly a century (1718–1803) until it was transferred to United States sovereignty as a result of the Louisiana Purchase (1803). Roots of such depth are difficult to destroy. Those from which New Orleans grew have continued to affect life there, to some degree or other, to the present day.

"To some degree or other" takes in everything from cookery to culture, often preceded by the word "creole." A saucy word (which, when experienced in a mixture that blends onions, peppers, celery, and tomato, can actually be tasted), it has a derivation both odd and interesting. The term can be found both in French (*créole*) and Spanish (*criollo*); it applies to descendants of the original European settlers. Later (as George Washington Cable commented), it "was adopted by, not conceded to, the natives of mixed blood, and is still so used among themselves." With the rise in their social status as time passed, the "Creoles of Color," as Marshall Stearns refers to them in his *Story of Jazz*, "sent their children to Paris to be educated and they had their own opera in New Orleans, with a conductor celebrated in Europe."

That opera, whose corner is still marked as a New Orleans landmark, was destroyed by fire in 1919, which puts it in the splendid tradition of opera houses worldwide. Unfortunately, unlike many others (including the famous "Old Met," in New York), it was not reconstructed. This leaves a long tradition of French opera in New Orleans, dating to the beginning of the early nineteenth century, dangling for most of the twentieth. But in the period in which a native music was being formed, it was part of a musical atmosphere unique in American cities. Of all of them, that of New Orleans was, unquestionably, the most curious, compounded of African, European, Caribbean, and American (through the adaptation of hymns to spirituals, gospel themes to blues, etc.) materials.

*Bechet at work—"a low, vital strain, famous for its part in street parades and funerals."*

When the music began to have a recognizable history, it was originally known as "jass," a euphemism for sexual intercourse. That should not be surprising: it was a low, vital strain, famous for its part in street parades and funeral processions (mournful going out, spirited coming back). Many of its best local players found their way to fame through the "houses" and cribs that proliferated in the port city (as "houses" and cribs proliferate in port cities worldwide). Here a curious line of demarcation became



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apparent and began to be perpetuated historically.

Many of the best brass players, including those already mentioned—Bolden, Oliver, Armstrong—bear names suggesting Anglo-Saxon origin. But the best-known clarinetists —Alphonse Picou, Sidney Bechet, Albany Leon (Barney) Bigard—are anything but. An accident of birth? Perhaps. But of a special kind. The English-sounding ones belong to the slave-descended children whose parents took the names of the families by which they were owned. The others, as Arna Bontemps and Jack Conroy have written, were products of "the cultural traditions of Creoles." As the art of the reeds, especially the clarinet, flourished in France and was perpetuated by the French opera of New Orleans, it was a part of "the cultural traditions of Creoles."

Behind the great Bechet (whose last residence and place of death, in 1959, was Paris) was Achille Baquet, one of the great early New Orleans clarinetists. How great we can only surmise, because he did not, to my knowledge, record. His father, Theogene V. Baquet, was celebrated as a teacher as well as the player-leader of the Excelsior Brass Band (1882–1904). Baquet had a second son, George, who followed the family speciality as a clarinetist and among whose pupils—insofar as one could say he was anything but self-taught—was Sidney Bechet.

Does this mean that only French-descended "Creoles of Color" became great New Orleans jazz clarinetists? Not really any more than a Creole background prevented talented men from becoming great jazz performers on other instruments: "Kid" Ory and Honoré Dutrey on trombone, Johnny St. Cyr on banjo and guitar, and Manuel Perez on cornet. But the dominance of the Creoles over generations suggests they had a flair for a reed instrument whose special function in the authentic New Orleans kind of improvised jazz was to embellish, decorate, and impart to the driving sound of the brass a unique and distinctive contrast. With a range across three octaves (and a sixth), it could flash, in a flash, a sound that was low and rich or high and brilliant, and sing soulfully in a middle register with a tone that was, at the player's pleasure, flexibly languorous or unashamedly harsh.

BECHET'S great career took him from a beginning with a few lessons with George Baquet to status as a world-class performer on two instruments: clarinet and soprano saxophone. The latter, of which Bechet became a unique master, can be distinguished from the other inventions of Adolphe Sax because it is straight, not curved, and looks not unlike a bright gold version of the black ebonite clarinet. It has been played badly by thousands in marching bands and superbly well only by Bechet. A first try, in Chicago, with an instrument he purchased in a pawnshop, ended in failure because he couldn't master its fingering. A year later, on a visit to London (1919), he bought another soprano sax and persisted to become as adept on it as he was on the clarinet.

Bechet's introduction to London was more notable for some extraordinary prose it inspired than for the auspices under which he appeared (Will Marion Cook's Southern Syncopated Orchestra). The writer was Ernest Ansermet, famous as principal conductor of Diaghilev's Ballet Russe, just beginning the career in his native Switzerland that made Geneva's Orchestre de la Suisse Romande one of the great names in symphonic music. At a time when most musicians

*Preservation Hall—"soulfully in middle register."*

of Ansermet's culture regarded "jass" (or jazz) as a crude travesty of music, he was moved to write: "The extraordinary virtuoso Bechet is an artist of genius! What a moving thing it is to meet this young man [approximately twenty-two] who is glad one likes what he does, but who can say nothing of his art, save that he follows his 'own way,' and when one thinks that 'his own way' is perhaps the highway the whole world will swing along tomorrow. . . ."

Among those who "swung" along the same way when the word began to have a particular rather than a general meaning was Barney Bigard, a younger contemporary of Bechet, whose latest recording (RCA APL1 1744) is named—appropriately for purposes of this commentary—*Clarinet Gumbo*. Born in New Orleans about a decade after Bechet and now a resident of Southern California, Bigard is best known for his fourteen years (1926–40) with Duke Ellington. As the dates indicate, the period was a formative one for Ellington, for his band, and for music. To all of these Bigard made a contribution as conspicuous as the other Ellington "originals": trumpeter Bubber Miley, trombonist "Tricky Sam" Nanton, Johnny Hodges and Harry Carney, saxophonists supreme. Anyone who knows "Mood Indigo" —and who doesn't?—knows the sound of Barney Bigard. It's the unique work of which he is co-composer with Ellington. It is a sound just a little lazy and hazy (like a hot summer's day on Canal Street), sustained and sensuous, except when it suddenly turns snaky and insinuating, with that "ring" in the timbre that is distinctively Bigard.

These "new" products of 1973 (when Bigard was sixty-seven) are the equal of, if not the superior to, anything he has done in more than a half century of playing that began professionally, at age fifteen, in 1921. The subject matter ranges from the obligatory "Mood Indigo" (cast in its classic mold, with Bigard soloing almost throughout) through the familiar "Tea for Two" and the less familiar "Memoir de Bayou," "Clarinet Gumbo," "Satchmo's Dream," and "Easy on the Ears" (all by Bigard). Best of them is the long-breathed "Satchmo's Dream," which—by some curious act of transmutation—produces from Bigard's clarinet a sound curiously reminiscent of Bechet's soprano sax. Then, in a time-erasing change, comes one of the late Armstrong's most celebrated specialties: "Struttin' with Some Barbecue," which Bigard played countless times with the great trum-



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**"The genius is gone and so is the spirit that motivated the men who shared it. That's a pity, but Bonn hasn't produced any Beethovens lately, either."**

peter as a member of his touring all-stars from 1947 to 1952. If the solo Bigard plays bears a challenging similarity to the one made famous by Johnny Dodds in the original recording of 1928, this, in itself, is an extension of an old New Orleans jazz precept: when somebody has done something so well that no one can improve upon it, why try?

All trumpet players emulate the "King" Oliver solo in "Dippermouth"; few come as close as Louis Armstrong did. Kid Ory's trombone solo on "Muskat Ramble" is a mating call for those who aspire to mastery of that instrument, as all tenormen hack at Coleman Hawkins's famous solo on "Body and Soul." When I was attracted to the sound of a jazz combo emanating from a Berlin bar on a recent visit to that city, I discovered that it was, indeed, the New Orleans classic "High Society." I was entertained to observe that it was performed, with all reverence, by the young German musicians, in the traditional version of "King" Oliver, recorded fifty, and more, years before. Already an act of homage was involved: the notes of the clarinet solo were not created then by the player (Johnny Dodds) but by an older virtuoso of the Creole tradition, Alphonse Picou. He died, as fate would will it, during Mardi Gras in 1961, and his funeral (a learned, unimpeachable source records) "was one of the biggest in N.O. history."

This kind of aesthetic ancestor-veneration is, in itself, an enormously characteristic aspect of authentic jazz in general and New Orleans jazz in particular. It defines a unique kind of family feeling that has been passed on from generation to generation and began as an aural line of communication before the notes were printed or engraved on a disc. It crosses blood as well as color lines to infuse a host of New Orleans players (Omer Simeon, Irving Fazola, the older Leon Rappolo, Albert Nicholas, Jimmie Noone, and Edmund Hall, among others) with some flavor of the thing that makes Clarinet a la Creole so special.

You might—if you are the methodical sort—find a reference in the source mentioned above (*A Family Album of New Orleans Jazz*, by Al Rose and Edmond Souchon, M.D., published in 1967 by the Louisiana State University Press) to Lorenzo Tio, Jr. His father was a friend and colleague of Theogene V. Baquet, who sired the George Baquet who was in on the beginning of the Bechet career. That would be Lorenzo Tio, Sr., who, with his brother Luis "Papa" Tio, migrated from Mexico to New Orleans in the 1880s. Both were clarinetists, both played in the famous Excelsior Brass Band, and both, as the book politely puts it, "worked in the district" (which is to say Storeyville, of red light and blue music fame).

Lorenzo Tio, Jr., pursued both a public and a pedagogical career. Of the former, little now endures; but of the latter, evidence abounds on all sides. His pupils included—in addition to Barney Bigard—Johnny Dodds, Jimmie Noone, Albert Nicholas, and Omer Simeon, all of whom have an honored place in the clarinet wing of any Jazz Hall of Fame.

The streets of New Orleans resound, now and then, to the echoes of the old sounds that preceded the "Great Hegira." But the genius is gone and so is the spirit that motivated the men who shared it. That is a pity. But, after all, Bonn hasn't produced any Beethovens lately, either. Fortunately, the New Orleans jazz impulse didn't die out completely. When it went elsewhere, it left its mark on others. A share of it went into the making of the white Chicago jazz of the late twenties when Frank Teschmacher and Benny Goodman were growing up in Chicago, listening and learning their reed ABC's at the feet of New Orleans's greats. If it was Johnny Dodds who, as Goodman has said in print, "had the best tone on clarinet," a sound that he carried in his ears as a model for decades, it could be because of something in the air Dodds shared with Barney Bigard on their way to lessons with Lorenzo Tio, Jr. ◉

# 2. Blues, and Other Noises, in the Night

by John Rockwell

COUNTRY music today is symbolized for most people by Nashville, and it's a fitting symbol without being an inclusive one. "Country music" suggests a music of the land. Nashville is a city and a bustling, growing one, and so, too, the mainstream country music of 1976 is a music by and for urbanized people who may come from the land and remember it with an idealized affection, but who also want to put the brute realities of rural poverty behind them. If much contemporary country music strikes purists as slick and false, that's because its hard-core fans want not so much a recollection of how it used to be out on the back forty as an aural Hallmark card.

If Nashville is the symbol of modern country music, then the new Grand Ole Opry and Opryland are the symbols and the center of Nashville's music life. No longer does the Opry, country music's principal concert hall and the site of weekly radio broadcasts, consist of a homely, dowdy old theater not that far removed from Depression-era photographs, with their barely regenerate crackers, fresh off the farm, sawing fiddles and banging skillets. Today the closer parallel is Las Vegas, and with their sequined cowboy suits and swooning string sections, today's country stars aspire as much to Vegas success as to personal or regional traditions.

That said, country music remains a loyalist phenomenon, and its audiences are characterized by a strong sense of self and of communality. To judge from the tour itineraries of the

*John Rockwell writes on rock and country music for* The New York Times.


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**Continued from page 32**

best-known country stars—and country stars tour steadily and continuously to innumerable obscure places, hundreds of nights a year—there has been a good deal of leakage beyond the home area of the Southeastern United States. Naturally one is tempted to trace the spread of country concerts and country radio stations to the Southwest and, in isolated pockets, all over the rest of the country to migrational patterns of white Southerners. But Northeastern, Midwestern, and Pacific Coast country fans are likely to be blue-collar enthusiasts with only the most tenuous spiritual connections to the actual South.

Thus the best-known established country stars—Roy Acuff, Chet Atkins, Glen Campbell, Johnny Cash, George Jones, Loretta Lynn, Dolly Parton, and Tammy Wynette—stick to themes and musical idioms that reaffirm their audiences' sense of the familiar. There are, of course, the passing fads—truck drivers and their woes are particularly popular these days. But underlying it all are the staples of broken hearts, whiskey, family, and God, couched in steadily thumping common time, vocal lines squarely confined within the range of untrained voices, and an instrumentation colored by electric, slide, and pedal steel guitars.

If country music, like soul and Latin music, remains a securely delineated subgenre within pop, there are signs of erosion of that purity. The hope, as well as the fear, in Nashville these days is the "crossover," or the leap of a country song onto the national pop sales charts, and hence from relatively modest success to the millions to be made when the big pop AM stations all over the country start playing and propagating a record. The hope is that a country singer can reach that wider acclaim. The fear is that, in so doing, the artist may dilute his style past recognizability. And, further, there is fear that the process can work the other way—the supposed country charts in recent years have often been topped by such artists as John Denver, Olivia Newton-John, and Linda Ronstadt. They may be singing outwardly country songs, but they are hardly country in either their biographies or their links to Nashville musical institutions. The whole crossover phenomenon provides an obvious musical metaphor for Southern culture and its relation to the rest of America: crossover success means recognition on a national level even as the indigenous roots that nourish that success are eroded.

Needless to say, many older forms of country music remain vital parts of our folk culture today. What distinguishes them from mainstream country and what helps assure their traditional purity is their very freedom from commercialism. There are some established country stars who consciously revert to the Anglo-American folk tradition that underlies all country music.

But the many folk festivals around the country are full of eager "string bands"—fiddle-dominated ensembles that trace their ancestry back through the crudely amplified fiddle groups of the Depression to the traditional country and mountain ensembles of the nineteenth century. This music goes by a variety of overlapping names—"mountain music," "old-timey music"—that often refer to similar music with only minor regional variants. The best-known form of such

*Porter Wagoner, above, of the Grand Ole Opry, appears at Nashville's Opryland. Mack Magaha, fiddling at left, is known as the "Dancin' Fiddle Man." He plays at the park. The twangers below are taping the "Country Music U.S.A. Show," a TV special, to be shown this month to American armed forces abroad.*

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older music is bluegrass, popularized by Eric Weissberg with his music for the film *Deliverance.* Bluegrass is actually of fairly recent invention, for all its debts to older forms of folk-country, and its inventors, Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys, are still regaling audiences with their blend of quick-stepping tempos, exuberant fiddle playing, and high, hard tenorizing. More recently, Earl Scruggs, once the banjo-playing half of the Flatt and Scruggs duo, has attempted to broaden bluegrass's appeal by allying it with quasi-rock instrumentation.

In so doing, he has only followed the lead of the rockers themselves. "Rock" is a far more amorphous term than "country" or "bluegrass" and, at its loosest, can embrace any form of highly amplified popular music that appeals largely to young audiences. Rock owes much of its continued vitality to its willingness to absorb influences from the most diverse sources, and country music has long since become a staple of present-day rock, with such bands as the Byrds, the Eagles, the Grateful Dead, Poco, and the New Riders of the Purple Sage leading the way. Such homage has in turn led to a new form of crossover, and today the children of once anti-hippie red-necks have themselves embraced rock with a vengeance. The children of the New South are as likely to be long-haired, dope-smoking rock fans as they are to be crew-cut football players or Bible-toting 4-H'ers; often the football players go to church and wear their hair long and listen to rock all at the same time. In fact, the South has produced the most popular and interesting group of rock bands of any part of the country in recent years, from the Allman Brothers to Lynyrd Skynyrd to ZZ Top to Wet Willie to the Marshall Tucker and Charlie Daniels bands. And towns like Macon, Ga., and Muscle Shoals, Ala., have come to rival Nashville itself as centers for the recording and institutionalization of music. The Southern rock bands stick to their heritage with music that tends to be simpler and more basic than the artier forms of rock that have proliferated elsewhere.

The children of the New South aren't limited in their musical choices to George Jones and Gregg Allman. There is a whole new wave of "progressive" country musicians to listen to, as well, and so many people are taking that option that such artists as Willie Nelson, Waylon Jennings, and Emmylou Harris are topping the charts regularly these days. The progressive country musicians, based in both Nashville and Austin, Tex., reflect the concerns of their younger, hipper listeners, and their music echoes national trends by being louder, harder, and more rockishly electric than traditional Nashville music. But it's still unequivocally country, and that indebtedness is just as likely to express itself in a return to the thirties and forties modes as in a similarity to present-day Opry styles. Woody Guthrie, with his nasal folkishness and his leftist populism, is just as much the idol of Merle Haggard and James Talley as he was of Bob Dylan a decade ago.

Country music today is thus a far more diverse tapestry than casual stereotypes might suggest. People of all ages create it and listen to it, and its influence extends directly and indirectly far beyond the geographical confines of the South. By any conventional measurement of an art's vitality and capacity for growth, country music is alive and rambunctiously well, and it's hard to see any hint that that vitality will taper off in the immediate future. ◉

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## The Spiritual as Soul Music

It is common knowledge that the spirituals were rescued from oblivion nearly a century ago by the Fisk Jubilee Singers. They were instantly seen to be the mother lode of the black slave's tortured life on these shores, and a vigorous milking ensued. In hundreds of Northern churches, clubs, and summer places they were made handmaidens of the Negro mendicants, some of them hustlers, but mostly heads of schools and colleges, honest men and women locked in a desperate fight with the wolf outside the gate of a run-down campus in Georgia or Alabama. Only a fool sneers when these things are recalled. It was this or nothing.

Eventually, here and abroad, these songs were heard in concert halls.

*Dorothy Maynor, executive director of the Harlem School of the Arts, spent twenty-five years on the concert stage.*

Spanning a whole era, there were black recitalists of rare gifts and superior training who were judged almost wholly by their rendering of the final group on the program, invariably made up of the secular and religious songs of the slave. The black artist was here, so it was said, in his element.

The general public and especially the critics did what they could to understand, using words like "quaint" and "primitive," tolerantly saluting these ancient cries of agony and ecstasy, then returning them at once to the mental attic where, as was supposed, they belonged.

These old dirges and paeans cannot be loftily dismissed with such condescending characterizations as "quaint" and "primitive." What we have here is an acknowledgment, a celebration even, of the limits of human cunning, a persistent inference that embedded in the navel of creation is an openness, a resonance, that still may have to be taken into account in our rendezvous with destiny.

Those who bequeathed us the spirituals never learned to read English. As for Greek, they did not know the difference between alpha and omega. How it was that they and Aristophanes said the same thing we will never know; but they did: "You can't find out anything about heaven . . . if you try to keep your feet on the ground."

Not that the spiritual kept its head in the clouds, always behaving circumspectly. Through the years, it gave birth to a mixed progeny: blues, jazz, work songs—all "kissin' cousins." Paul Robeson on the levee on Monday morning, trapped in a life he never asked for, was but an extension of the preacher in his pulpit the day before. Ole Satchmo, as Armstrong was called, didn't steal "When the Saints Go Marching In." It was made to order for a hot trumpet. Years later, as anybody familiar with George Gershwin (in *Porgy and Bess*) and Jerome Kern (in *Showboat*) can testify, the offshoots of the spirituals sprouted healthily on Broadway. The spiritual can boast of having nourished the only truly American music. Not bad for one of bandanna beginnings. —DOROTHY MAYNOR


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# New Faces in Faulkner Country

by Bruce Cook

LOOKING back, it may seem that William Faulkner was always there, looming gigantically, a presence, a writer who so dominated the tradition of Southern fiction that it appeared to have originated with him. It didn't—as the achievement of his contemporaries, Thomas Wolfe, Katherine Anne Porter, and Robert Penn Warren, should attest—nor did it end with Faulkner's death in 1962. "It is very much my theory," says one Southern writer, Reynolds Price, "that the whole battle cry of Faulkner is one that is automatically sounded by non-Southerners when faced with anything that looks even remotely similar."

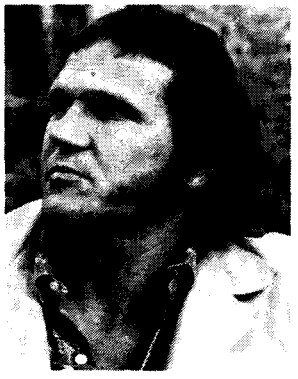
He may well be right. Faulkner is the one Southern novelist whom all reviewers and critics have read. When handed a novel by Reynolds Price or Jesse Hill Ford or Shelby Foote to review, the critic would generally find that Faulkner provided an easy handle by which to grasp it and a standard by which to judge. The special features of Faulkner's fiction have been used by them as the blueprint for a vast procrustean construct known as the Southern Novel. Does the work of Shirley Ann Grau fit the frame? Then stretch it till it does. Are William Styron's concerns a little larger than regional? Then lop off his toes, and he ought to tuck right in.

To some extent, Southern writers themselves have contributed to this situation, for there can be no doubt that the work of William Faulkner has had a direct, deep, and widespread influence on some of them—and particularly on the younger ones. The violence that broods, threatens, and explodes in such novels as Cormac McCarthy's *Outer Dark* and Walter Sturdivant's *The Trip Back* seems essentially Faulknerian—which is to say, those books would not have been written as they were if Faulkner had not written first.

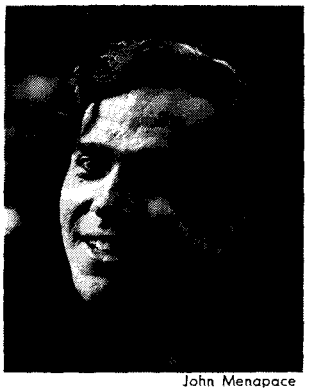
The old master himself pops up unexpectedly in a number of recent books by younger Southern writers. In Charles Gaines's *Stay Hungry*: "While he was an undergraduate at the University of Virginia, Faulkner had stalked around the halls smoking his pipe, looking prevailing, and Craig had taken literature seriously." Coyly unnamed in Dick Dabney's *The Honor System*: "He'd interviewed Mrs. Glasgow and a little fellow from Mississippi whose name he hadn't gotten. . . ." And Faulkner's guest shot in Harry Crews's *Karate Is a Thing of the Spirit* is as a kind of patron saint to the young hero, John Kaimon, who, it turns out, also hails from Oxford, Miss.; although Kaimon claims to have read none of his books, he carries the novelist's image on a jersey he wears and addresses spoken "letters" to him. Although brief, these appearances are anything but casual; they invoke Faulkner, pay him homage; they are genuflections in print.

A tradition dominated by a single figure as completely as Southern writing has been by Faulkner during the past thirty years must count that domination a mixed blessing at best. His achievement, though not actually limiting those who followed, inspired some falsely, intimidated others, and to all the rest gave the uneasy feeling that they must continually contend with an unpredictable and irresistible force. As no less than Flannery O'Connor once said when asked of the Southern writer's situation with regard to Faulkner: "Best not get your little wagon caught on the tracks when the Dixie Express comes roaring through."

But the Dixie Express has roared his last: although the reputation lives on, still undiminished, the novelist is dead. Does this mean liberation for the rest? One of the wisest of Southern critics, Louis D. Rubin, Jr., suggests it does in an essay, "The Difficulties of Being a Southern Writer Today," which, going to the heart of the matter, he subtitled, "Getting Out from Under William Faulkner." Rubin's point is that the South in which the present generation of Southern novelists find themselves is greatly changed from that described by Faulkner in his novels. His prescription: "The Faulknerian ordering of Southern experience must be adapted, changed, revised, so that what is still valid can be used, while what is outmoded will not get in the way."



*Harry Crews*



John Menapace

*Reynolds Price*

Not all agree: "Yes, I know that essay by Rubin," says his near neighbor, Reynolds Price, an uncharacteristic note of annoyance in his voice. "I remember he took off after William Humphrey for taking his inspiration from Faulkner in his first novel, *Home from the Hill*—the country setting, the hunting, and all. But Humphrey grew up in rural East Texas, so what the hell is he *supposed* to write about?

"That's just it, you see. I think what may look like influence is often accounted for by the fact that many Southern writers have experienced the same or a similar reality to Faulkner's. You could probably make a case that Philip Roth was influenced by Saul Bellow or Bernard Malamud—though I don't think for a minute such influence exists. It's just that all three shared the same experience—that of the Jew in America. That's how it is with Southern writers and Faulkner. Shared experience."

But does Faulkner's South still exist? "Well, it's true the

*Bruce Cook is the author of* Listen to the Blues *and* The Beat Generation. *His biography of Dalton Trumbo will be published by Scribner's in January.*



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South has changed a lot, but you get off the interstate highways, and it's still very much the same as it was decades earlier. Warren County, North Carolina, where I grew up, is very much the Old South that Faulkner was writing about. And to deal with the sense of place is so important. It's probably fatal for a novel to be free of place. That's one of the things—one of the many—I've learned from the fiction of Eudora Welty. Can you imagine Proust writing in London? Or a *Magic Mountain* set in Spain?"

Nor, for that matter, can I imagine Reynolds Price living and writing anywhere else but here in the South. In the same house outside Durham for eighteen years, teaching at the same university—Duke—that he attended as an undergraduate, he has achieved a continuity and a sense of belonging in his life that writers who live more fragmented lives elsewhere might well envy. His fine novels—*A Long and Happy Life*, *A Generous Man*, *Love and Work*, and the recent *The Surface of Earth*—show precisely the craft and care, the devotion to region and kin, that one might expect from a writer who has led such a life.

"One thing I can tell you that you can paint on your wall about the South," he continues, "and that's that the Southerners are the nicest, kindest people in America. I still sigh with relief when I cross the line into Virginia. I observe in my friends in New York and Los Angeles a kind of embattled resort to self—the idea that if they don't take care of themselves, nobody else will. And it shows up in the writing. There is such a lot of writing in the first person, a kind of refusal to get out beyond the self into the minds of others that can't be healthy for the novel. The city does that, I think. People, ordinary people, have come to recognize that and shrink from it. The feeling in the South is still rural. My state, North Carolina, is still fifty-one percent rural. I think that's an important thing about Jimmy Carter, and a reason for his national appeal. He represents not just the South but rural America, a different way of life that looks attractive to people right now."

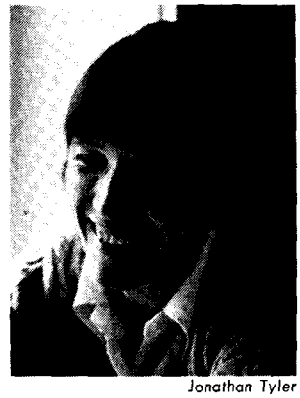
BUT the fact remains that, North Carolina notwithstanding, the South is fast becoming as urbanized as the rest of America. Not much of this has shown up in fiction by Southern writers, however. That most atmospheric of all Southern cities, New Orleans—perhaps of all cities, period—was done to a fare-thee-well by John William Corrington in *The Upper Hand*, a fine novel that teems with the sweaty, smelly life of the French Quarter. And in Charles Gaines's *Stay Hungry* we get a good look at a younger and rowdier city, Birmingham—the New South, such as it is. But no writer yet has staked out a claim on a Southern city and made it his territory—as Farrell and Algren did Chicago—except perhaps for Anne Tyler and her exploration of Baltimore.

That's Reynolds Price's opinion, anyway: "I think that she's the nearest thing we have to an urban Southern novelist." The two go back a long way together. At a space of several years they shared the same inspiring high school English teacher, Phyllis Peacock, in Raleigh. And Anne Tyler was a student in the first college course—basic freshman composition—ever taught by Reynolds Price at Duke. In the South, altogether a smaller world, coincidences of this kind are really not coincidences at all.

Is Anne Tyler a Southern novelist? She's not so sure. Born in Minnesota, she lived through her early childhood in North Carolina in a number of Quaker cooperative communities that were more or less insulated from the surrounding country and people. It wasn't until she started high school that her family moved to the outskirts of Raleigh, and she began to find out what the South is like. It was like gazing on some newfound land: she was fascinated.

"I actually don't consider myself Southern," she says, "though I suppose I'm that more than anything else. Because if I did consider myself Southern, then that would make me a Southern novelist—and I don't think there is any such thing."

Not even Faulkner? "Well, I don't know. I remember reading him and thinking, well, this must be what they mean by the Southern novel—and I didn't feel any sort of identi-



Jonathan Tyler

*Anne Tyler*

Pictorial Parade

*Terry Southern*

fication with it at all. He is, after all, an extremely masculine writer. There couldn't be a woman Faulkner at all. Then, too, I guess I should make it clear that when I did get around to reading him, I had already started writing myself. And his whole approach to writing—obviously he was knitting off in all directions—was completely wrong for me. If it were possible to write like him, I wouldn't. I disagree with him. I want everyone to understand what I'm getting at."

Like Reynolds Price, she considers Eudora Welty the strongest influence on her own work. "Reading her taught me there were stories to be written about the mundane life around me. I'm really sorry that Flannery O'Connor seems to have taken something away from Eudora Welty—as though Eudora were too sunny to be counted important. I don't think that makes her less of a writer."

Anne Tyler's last two novels—*The Clock Winder* and *Celestial Navigation*, her fourth and fifth—are set in Baltimore. But is Baltimore a Southern city? "To me, Baltimore is the North—but then, when I go back to North Carolina today, so much of it seems like the North to me, too." The city's most famous writer, H. L. Mencken, described it as "touched by the Southern sun." And although the slave state Maryland remained neutral in the Civil War, most old-line Marylanders consider themselves Southerners. "There are ladies in the old houses in Roland Park who are like caricatures out of the Old South," says Anne Tyler. "But maybe they are the same way in Maine, too.

"Yes, I suppose I probably am the only writer who has written about Baltimore in a while, and it is wonderful territory for a writer—so many different things to poke around in. And whatever it is that remains undeniably



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Southern in me has made it easy for me to switch to Baltimore. I lived four years in Canada, and I could write practically nothing about it at all. It's taken me a while to settle in here, to get in a comfortable groove, which is the only way I can write, but now I feel right with Baltimore. I don't think I could write about North Carolina at all now. I've been away nine years."

Yet how much, really, does this ethos of place matter? There is, for example, another writer living in Baltimore—one whom practically nobody would consider a Southern novelist. Although John Barth was born and brought up on the remote Eastern Shore of Maryland, where practically every town of any size boasts a gallant-boys-in-gray statue in the square, he will more likely be identified with such experimental antinarratives as *Giles Goat-Boy* and *Chimera* than remembered for his regional affinities. Nevertheless, his first three novels—*The Floating Opera, End of the Road,* and *The Sot-Weed Factor*—were certainly "Southern" in feeling, as well as in setting.

The moral is that you can't be comfortably certain that a writer who begins as a regionalist will remain one. Harry Crews, as a further example, is the son of a Georgia sharecropper, and he was the author, early on, of a series of novels—among them *The Gospel Singer* and *This Thing Don't Lead to Heaven*—that were very much in the Flannery O'Connor–Carson McCullers–Southern gothic vein. With *Karate Is a Thing of the Spirit,* however, he began working a new lode, which led him into weird recesses of the spirit where neither setting nor human society really seems to matter much. William Harrison, a conventionally "Southern" Arkansas novelist, struck off in an altogether different direction and began writing some far-out short stories, of which one became the basis of the movie *Rollerball* (Harrison also did the screenplay). And on the evidence of Terry Southern's C. K. Crow short stories in *Red Dirt Marijuana and Other Tastes* (which I take to be surviving chapters of a first novel), I would bet that the Texas-born literary bad boy embarked on his career with no more or less grand ambition than to be a Southern writer.

In the same way, the most considerable novelist living and working in the South today, Walker Percy, shows none of the cliché characteristics of the Southern novelist. His work has never borne much resemblance to Faulkner's, and except for some nice atmospheric New Orleans touches in *The Moviegoer,* most of his fiction could have been set nearly anywhere. This is, in a way, remarkable, for no writer since Faulkner is more at home in the South, and none has deeper roots there. A member of an old Southern family, he was brought up in Mississippi by his father's cousin, William Alexander Percy, a gentleman litterateur remembered for his book of local color and regional history, *Lanterns on the Levee.* Will Percy was well acquainted with Faulkner and, in fact, often played tennis with him. And perhaps because Walker Percy himself had often seen and spoken to the old master, he was spared the excessive feelings of awe toward Faulkner that infected some Southern writers of the post–World War I generation.

"I keep up pretty well with contemporary Southern fiction," says Walker Percy, "and I don't think any of it has had any influence on me. I *admire* Faulkner. I think he may be our greatest novelist. But I feel I've not been influenced by him in the least—except perhaps for the bad habit of stringing out a sentence for a half page."

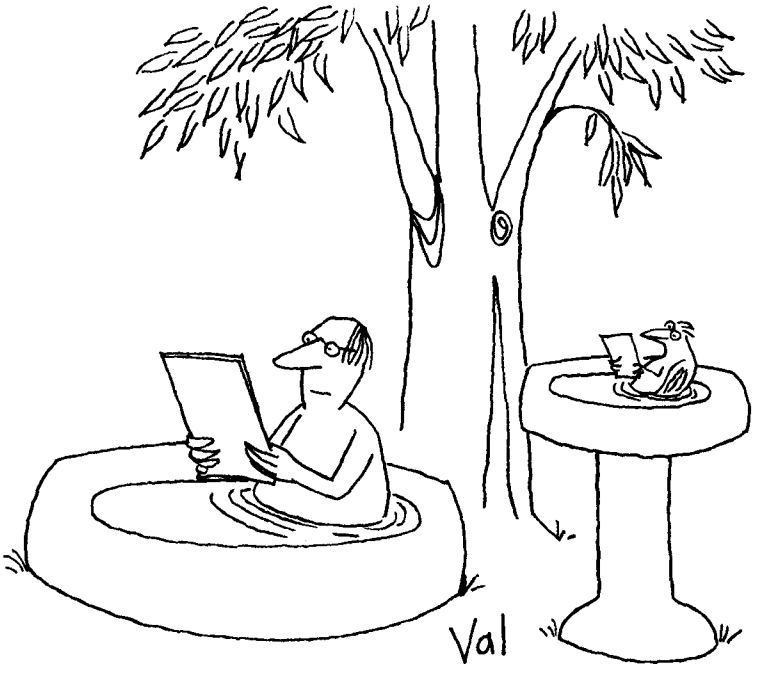
Has he drawn much from Faulkner's sources? "No, I don't think so. Frankly, I don't think I fit very well in the fictional tradition of the South—which is fundamentally one of spinning tales out on the back porch. Well, for better or for worse, that's not true of me. I'm not interested in storytelling as such. I'm interested in it for what it tells me of what people do, how they behave, and why.

"No, I'm more interested in certain European writers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. If there has been any sort of direct influence on my work, it has come from Dostoevski, from Kierkegaard, Camus, and perhaps Sartre. Some others."

The existentialists. Percy is, in fact, one of only two or three American writers who can seriously be considered novelists of ideas. He remarked to critic Martin Luschei that his first three novels (*The Moviegoer, The Last Gentleman,* and *Love in the Ruins*) could be read as a gloss on Kierkegaard. And the significant thing is that, for all that, they are no less successful as novels. Moving, funny, poignant by turns, the fiction of Walker Percy is among the most distinctive and mature to be produced in America—South, North, or wherever.

"It's my opinion," he says, "that regionalism is less and less a factor. Southern writers are moving into the mainstream. What we've got today is not really Faulkner's South, so the Faulknerian novel isn't going to be written today. There was, after all, a Jewish novel until *Portnoy's Complaint* came along and polished that off. Maybe that's where we are now with the Southern novel. Maybe Faulkner polished it off himself."

Maybe he did. What is apparent, however, is that what has taken the place of Faulkner's Southern novel is not some new mint-julep abstract but a multitude of specifics. There is perhaps no longer *a* Southern novel but, rather, *many* of them, as many as there are writers producing them. Like so much else in the South, fiction there has become more diverse and various than the rest of the country may have realized. The old generalizations no longer ring with the same authority as before. ◉





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# Books

# The True Father of Bolshevism

**The Shadow of the Winter Palace: Russia's Drift to Revolution, 1825–1917**
*by Edward Crankshaw*
*Viking, 429 pp., $12.95*

**Ideologies and Illusions: Revolutionary Thought from Herzen to Solzhenitsyn**
*by Adam B. Ulam*
*Harvard University Press*
*335 pp., $15*

Reviewed by Simon Karlinsky

In 1878 a young revolutionary named Vera Zasulich shot and wounded the governor-general of St. Petersburg, General Trepov, as an act of protest against the flogging of a political prisoner that Trepov had ordered. She was tried by a jury of her peers and acquitted, not because there was any doubt of her guilt but because the jury found her action a legitimate form of political protest. Zasulich was acclaimed by a jubilant crowd as she left the courthouse, and she was allowed to go abroad, where she became one of the earliest Russian Marxists and an associate of Karl Marx himself.

The Zasulich case made an enormous impression on educated Russians of the time. It showed them that a decade and a half after the liberal reforms of Alexander II the country had an independent public opinion, that this opinion had been radicalized faster than most people had expected, and that Alexander's judiciary reform, separating the courts from the central government, had been a remarkable success, making all Russians equal before the law.

None of this was understood abroad. The account of the Zasulich case in *The Times* of London turned it into a costume melodrama in the manner of the French playwright Sardou. Zasulich had fired the shot to avenge the flogging of her lover, reported *The Times*, and the jurors had acquitted her because they were Old Believers, opposed to the death penalty, and because the trial took place on an Old Believer holiday. (Actually, the jurors were mostly well-off upper-class intellectuals; the Old Believers were a persecuted religious minority, largely uneducated and not likely to serve on juries.)

Such ignorance of the momentous political and intellectual transformation that Russia began undergoing after the reforms of the 1860s is typical of almost everything published on the subject in the West during the nineteenth century. Oscar Wilde's 1883 play, *Vera, or the Nihilists*, is almost paradigmatic of how a Westerner sympathetic to the Russian revolutionary movement saw things. The Russian political spectrum, according to the play, consisted, in its entirety, of the czar's court and the Nihilist terrorists (which is like saying that the political picture in the America of the 1960s consisted of Nixon's court and the SDS only); furthermore, Wilde situated the action of the play in the year 1800 (which is like writing a play about the SDS with the action set during Teddy Roosevelt's presidency).

Today, of course, we have whole shelves of books about the origins and the development of the Russian revolutionary movement at our disposal. And yet, are we any better informed than Oscar Wilde was about the realities that led to the October Revolution, the revolution that invariably provided the model for the revolutions that have been overrunning one country after another all over the globe practically before our very eyes? In the introduction to her excellent and most welcome edition of Emma Goldman's selected writings and speeches, *Red Emma Speaks*, Alix K. Shulman tells us that in 1882, when Emma Goldman was thirteen, she "moved with her family to the St. Petersburg ghetto," where she "began devouring novels and tracts—of Chernechevsky [Shulman's transliteration] and Turgenev—that were passing secretly from hand to hand; and she began to revere revolutionary women like young Vera Zasulich, who had shot the governor-general of St. Petersburg, or Sophia Perovskaya, who had been martyred for conspiring against the czar."

*"You mean this is 'All the News That's Fit to Print'?"*

*Simon Karlinsky's new book,* The Sexual Labyrinth of Nikolai Gogol, *will be published this fall.*


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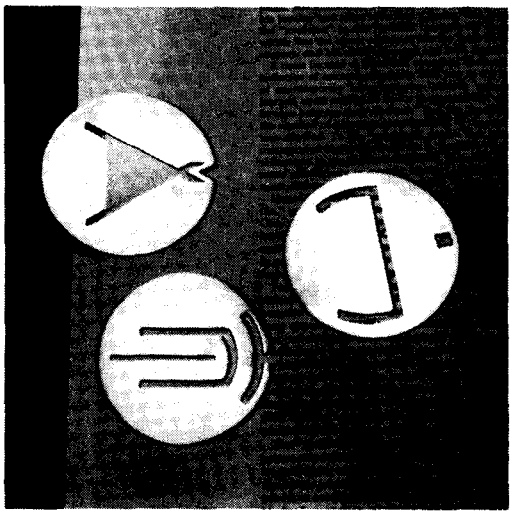
It is perhaps unfair to pick on Shulman, but her out-of-focus view of prerevolutionary Russia is as typical for our times as Wilde's was for his. What ghetto could there be in St. Petersburg when, like other major Great Russian cities, it was outside the Pale of Settlement and thus out of bounds for Jews? The few Jews who were permitted to live there by special dispensation could not have populated even one street. There was no need to pass Turgenev's books "secretly from hand to hand" because all of them, including the antiserfdom *Sportsman's Sketches* and even *Fathers and Sons*, with its sympathetic portrayal of the Nihilist generation, were considered national classics and were universally available. As for Nikolai Chernyshevsky, his revolutionary classic, *What Is to Be Done?*, written and openly published in 1863 while its author was in prison on charges of sedition, was perhaps the most widely read Russian book of that entire age. Saying that Perovskaya was "martyred for conspiring against the czar" is an odd way of describing the woman who planned and carried out the assassination of Alexander II, the czar who freed the serfs, reformed the courts, and in the *zemstvo* system, gave the Russians their first taste of self-government in modern times.

"Rights and justice are the same for the state as for any juridical person," wrote Anton Chekhov in a private letter in 1899. "If the state wrongfully alienates a piece of my land, I can bring action against it and the court will re-establish my right to that land." Chekhov was born in 1860, one year before the abolition of serfdom, and he died one year before the revolution of 1905, which legalized all dissenting political parties and abolished the censorship of books and periodicals. The idea of bringing legal action against the state in order to claim inalienable rights would not have occurred to any Russian prior to Chekhov's time, but the idea was logical in his day. The world remembers the repression and the iniquities of czarist Russia, which were real enough, but I know of only one book in English, Jacob Walkin's *The Rise of Democracy in Prerevolutionary Russia: Political and Social Institutions Under the Last Three Czars*, that deals with the remarkable liberalization and democratization that Russian cultural and political life gradually attained during the half century preceding Lenin's takeover, in October of 1917.

The two books under review do not specifically address themselves to this

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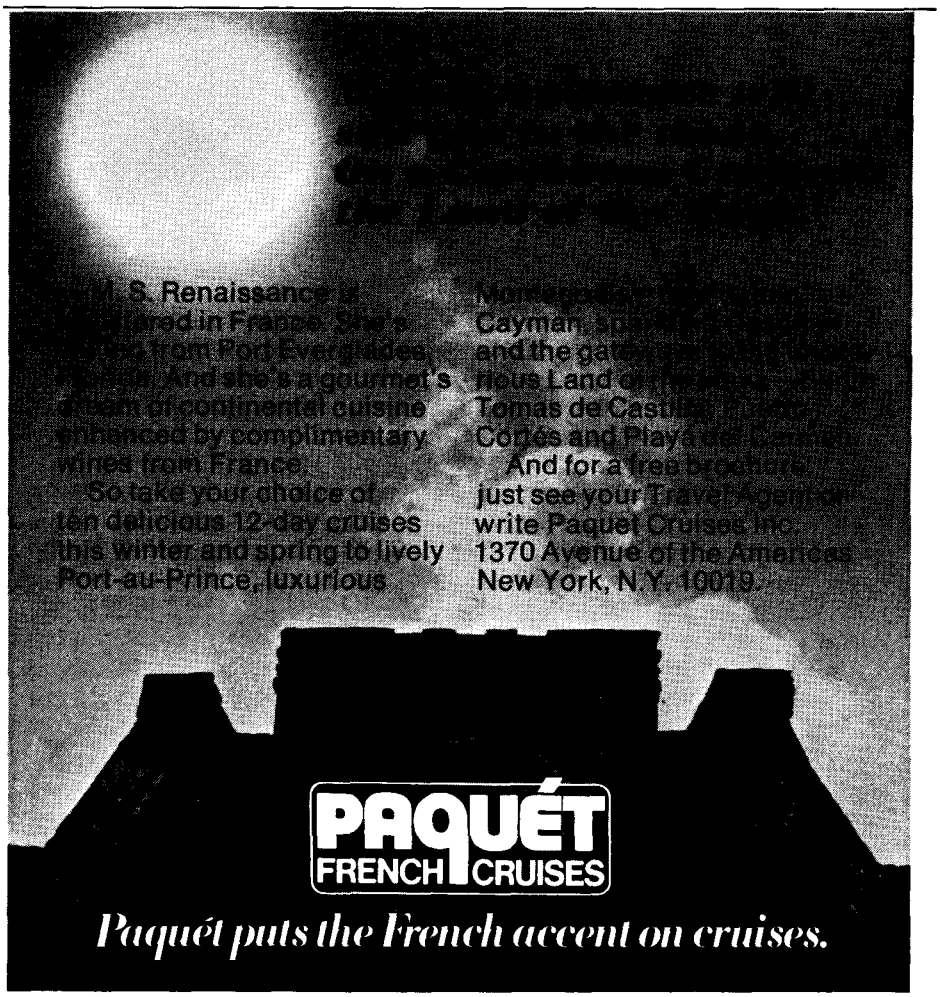



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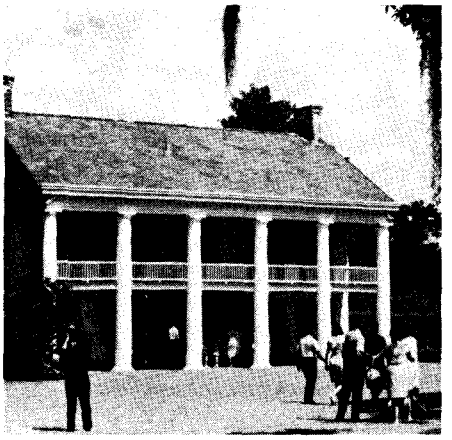

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topic, though each contains considerable material that will shed light on it. The subtitle of Edward Crankshaw's book, *Russia's Drift to Revolution, 1825–1917*, is something of a misnomer. The drift to revolution serves as a backdrop, often blurred and indistinct, to detailed portraits of the last five czars and to the diplomatic and military histories of their respective reigns. The book is popular history of a decidedly old-fashioned kind, the kind against which Leo Tolstoy (about whom, ironically, Crankshaw has published a monograph) inveighed a century ago in his digressions on historical processes in *War and Peace*. The assumption governing *The Shadow of the Winter Palace* is that everything was determined by the personalities and wishes of monarchs and their ministers and generals. Typical of the book's tone is the observation that "the Emperor Franz Joseph coveted Bosnia and Herzegovina to compensate for the loss of his Italian provinces, a cause of deep personal bitterness."

The five czars stand in the foreground, brightly illuminated, while a roving spotlight erratically illuminates the background, falling now on a group of starving peasants, now on a group of famous composers that has seemingly sprung out of nowhere, now on a few of what Crankshaw quaintly calls "illegal revolutionaries." Some of the individual portraits are done with skill, especially those of the mercurial, self-contradictory Alexander I and of the hysterical, destructive Empress Alexandra (who has been whitewashed and glamorized in *Nicholas and Alexandra*, the recent best seller and film). Crankshaw's insistence that the moral and ideological climate of czarist Russia was created in large part by chauvinistic nationalism and the concomitant worship of a mystical entity called "The Russian People" is extremely well taken. But the book's initial intention—to show the revolutionary movement as it was perceived from the imperial palace—was bound to result in a picture that is, at best, incomplete. Thus, the Crimean War is reported down to the last skirmish and diplomatic exchange in several chapters, while the figure of Nikolai Chernyshevsky, whom Crankshaw aptly qualifies as "the true father of Bolshevism, a posthumous child," gets a few scattered sentences. But on the credit side, *The Shadow of the Winter Palace* is quite entertainingly written and should appeal to readers who enjoy conventionally romanticized history.

Chernyshevsky gets the attention he de-

# NSLA NEWS

**Announcement for Saturday Review subscribers and members of the National Society of Literature and the Arts**

## LA SCALA OPERA

### Washington, D.C., September 18-19

Enjoy a cultural weekend in Washington, D.C., including a Saturday-matinee performance of Rossini's *La Cenerentola* by La Scala Opera Company in the Opera House at Kennedy Center. The weekend activities begin with lunch in the elegant dining room, the Grande Scene, at Kennedy Center, followed by the opera performance (orchestra seats). After the opera there will be a discussion and reception in the Atrium. From there, you will view the exhibit "America on Stage—200 Years of the Performing Arts." On Sunday morning, a lecture and escorted tour of the Hirshhorn Museum. The weekend closes with a private brunch concert at the Smithsonian Institution. Overnight accommodations at Loew's L'Enfant Plaza Hotel (Saturday), two meals plus continental breakfast, the opera, lectures, and special events all included for $99 per person. La Scala Opera Company is here from Italy for a limited engagement only. Demand for tickets is great; write at once and include $99 check payable to NSLA for each person.*

## BOOK, AUTHOR & THE ARTS

### Boston, September 30

### Book & Author Luncheon

Brentano's hosts the NSLA Book & Author luncheon at the Statler Hilton Hotel, 12:00 noon, September 30. Soup, salad, and quiche luncheon, followed by discussion with Doris Kearns (*LBJ and the American Dream*), Alex Haley (*Roots*), and John Toland (*Hitler*). $10 per person complete. Make check payable to Brentano's and mail to Brentano's, Prudential Plaza Shopping Center, Boston, Mass. 02199, or call Ed Diamond, 617-262-4360.

### Chicago, October 7

### Art Collection Tour

Guided tour of First National Bank art collection by SR art critic, Katharine Kuh. A private show of the corporate art collection at the First National Bank of Chicago, First National Plaza, Chicago, will be held on Thursday, October 7, at 3:30 P.M. Attendance is limited and will be by ticket reservation only.*

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serves in Adam B. Ulam's *Ideologies and Illusions*, even though the section about him is reprinted from Ulam's earlier book *The Bolsheviks*. Chernyshevsky and his disciples are the people who supplied the revolutionary style, the ethics, and the aesthetics of both Russian Marxism and Russian anarchism. It is because of the ideas Chernyshevsky formulated in the 1860s that today's Communist societies are puritanical in sexual matters and simplistically utilitarian in their approach to the arts. (The otherwise authoritative writings on Lenin's literary views by Edmund Wilson and Herbert Marcuse are handicapped by their failure to understand that Lenin owes his views on art to Chernyshevsky rather than to Marx.) Ulam's treatment of this enormously influential figure is one of the most informed that we have in English, comparable in its own way to the burlesqued yet oddly moving chapter on Chernyshevsky in Nabokov's novel *The Gift*.

*Ideologies and Illusions* contains considerable chunks of Ulam's previously published books and articles, as well as new material, which he weaves into an admirably lucid and knowledgeable account detailing how Marxist ideology evolved and mutated in Russia prior to the October Revolution and the forms it assumed when exported from the Soviet Union to other countries in more recent times. Ulam is particularly skillful in pointing out the differences between the theory and the practice of the various ideologies and regimes he describes, noting the illusory nature of their professed goals in light of their actual practices. The sections on Stalin are a timely reminder of the gullibility with which multitudes of Western liberal intellectuals revered that grim despot precisely at the time of his worst genocidal excesses. The accolades of such undoubtedly brilliant people as G. B. Shaw and Theodore Dreiser to the prosperity and freedom that the Soviet Union had supposedly achieved in the 1930s under Stalin's benevolent leadership, as well as their refusal to believe in the reality of the purges, the labor camps, and the famine brought on by forced collectivization, should put us on guard today against the effusions of those who regale their countrymen with uncritical impressions of a conducted tour of Mao's China.

For all the differences in method and degree of seriousness between Ulam's and Crankshaw's books, one unifying theme strongly emerges in both: those who sincerely work for the cause of freedom and justice will readily accept as allies those whose aim is to dominate and to enslave. As Ulam points out, "The survival of the Bolsheviks as a political force after 1906–1907 was in the main owing to the tolerance extended to them by socialist and liberal circles both in Russia and abroad. Foreign socialists provided shelter and funds for the Bolshevik leaders within Russia. Liberal lawyers sprang to the defense of accused party members. Non-Bolshevik members of the socialist movement refrained from flaunting . . . the Bolsheviks' undemocratic practices and theories before the Russian workers."

It was the essence of Lenin's genius to have realized that he could get away with abolishing every civil right and every democratic freedom that the Russian people had won through the reforms of the 1860s and the revolutions of 1905 and February, 1917—provided that those rights and freedoms were abolished in the name of the very revolution that was meant to extend them, and done under the cover of humanitarian and Marxist slogans. The two remarkable women revolutionaries mentioned earlier, the anarchist Emma Goldman and the Marxist Vera Zasulich, returned to Russia from exile after Lenin and Trotsky's coup d'état. Both Goldman and Zasulich quickly realized, as did Lenin's onetime mentor, the grand old man of Russian Marxism, George Plekhanov, that the new regime had nothing to do with liberation or with achieving a genuinely socialist or Marxist society. But for thousands of socialists and libertarians all over the world, the October Revolution was a triumph of Marxism, the way of the future—and it just *had* to work. In each generation since that time, millions of people in the West have seen through the sham essence of the Leninist adaptation of Marxism, but in the meantime, other millions have been born who have enthusiastically embraced the rhetoric and the propaganda without noticing that the reality of Leninist practice has replaced the triad of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity—the great eighteenth-century motto of the French Revolution, to which all subsequent revolutions have nominally subscribed—with the opposing triad of Autocracy, Orthodoxy, and Nationalism, a motto, coined by a reactionary minister of Czar Nicholas I, that guided the Romanov dynasty in their efforts to suppress dissent and in their ugly persecutions of religious and national minorities.

Edward Crankshaw observes at one point that "nearly all [nineteenth-century Russian radicals] dreamed of imposing

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Russian solutions upon the world at large." The "Russian solution" that ultimately triumphed and is now being imposed on an ever-growing number of countries brought with it phenomena that enlightened Russians living on the threshold of the twentieth century thought relegated forever to the remote and benighted past: deification of heads of state such as the world has not seen since the days of the Roman emperors; restoration of serfdom for the peasants (now it is called collectivization); imperialist conquest of small countries; savage persecutions of religious and national minorities; compulsory indoctrination of the entire population with the tenets of a state religion (secular in letter, millennial in spirit); a return to bourgeois Victorian prudery; and more severe forms of censorship in every sector than had existed anywhere in the nineteenth century. It would have been hard to convince an Anton Chekhov (or an Oscar Wilde) that all those things would be brought back one day and that they would be brought back in the name of liberation and socialism. The entire Russian experience of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries stands before us as a prophecy and a warning. It is sad to reflect how little the West has learned from that experience. ◉

# Books in Brief

**The Young Romantics: Victor Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, Vigny, Dumas, Musset and George Sand, and Their Friendships, Feuds and Loves in the French Romantic Revolution**
*by Linda Kelly*
*Random House, 192 pp., $8.95*

If you feel guilty about enjoying a good scandal, *The Young Romantics* is the book for you. First of all, everyone in it is dead. Second, they're all writers and so can be counted on to have publicized their affairs themselves. Besides, they're French. In short, this racy account of a decade or so of intertwined relationships is a book that serious readers may well want to keep in a plain brown wrapper, but there's no denying its piquancy.

Although Kelly makes feints in the direction of scholarship and quotes her poets in the luxuriant original (English prose translations are included in an appendix), her discussion of romanticism and its historical moment is, at best, casual and serves mostly as a backdrop for her real drama: love affairs, glittering salons, literary alliances, and quarrels. George Sand and Alfred de Musset are on-again, off-again. The great actress Marie Dorval drives Alfred de Vigny to despair, the not-so-great actress Juliette Drouet is driven to despair by Victor Hugo, while his friend Sainte-Beuve secretly courts Hugo's wife. The wonder is that these people ever found time to write, but their literary energies would put many a modern writer to shame; a recurrent scene in their lives seems to have been the overnight production of a brilliant last act for a play due to open the following evening. Psychological subtleties, however, are not Kelly's strong suit. It would be hard to guess from her breathless dash through a gay, youthful Paris that the Romantics had a dark side—the side hinted at by Musset in his description of his generation as "old men born yesterday."

*The Young Romantics* is gossip, but it's also high-toned. As such, it will appeal to the legions of readers too intelligent for *People* magazine and too lazy for scholarly biography. Kelly tells her story briskly and with humor. Although one may deplore the concept of biographical romps through the bedrooms of geniuses, only a curmudgeon (or a French scholar) could resist this one. —KATHA POLLITT


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**Caged: Eight Prisoners and Their Keepers**
*by Ben H. Bagdikian*
*Harper & Row, 519 pp., $12.50*

THE salient points have been made before, powerfully, though not more so than here, in Jessica Mitford's *Kind and Usual Punishment*—to wit: that federal prisons are laws unto themselves, that those punished for committing crimes come mostly from the ghettos, that physical torture (beatings, Macings, withholding of medicine, and so forth) and psychological torture (pre-eminently, indefinite solitary confinement) are commonplace, that the policies of the Federal Bureau of Prisons are designed to punish rather than rehabilitate.

In 1972 eight men—among them a Marxist draft resister, a black mafioso, a Bible-quoting alcoholic (once given electroshock treatment for adultery), bank robbers, and a drug pusher—led a strike at Lewisburg Penitentiary that was to prove the longest in federal history. It was also totally nonviolent. Despite their jailers' promise of no reprisals, the men were punished; when some of them later sued their keepers, an almost unprecedented occurrence, the judge denied them the benefit of any doubt.

Bagdikian, who left a senior job at *The Washington Post* when he began this book, recreates the drama of the strike with the aid of a wealth of documentation gathered, against stiff odds, from correspondence, trial transcripts, and interviews with all and sundry. The eight men don't cry innocent—in most cases the stories of their crimes read like the stories of their lives; they cry that prisoners

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**Wit Twister No. 79**
Edited by Arthur Swan

*The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 66.*

Turn East of __ __ __ __, weary soul,
And view the ancient ground.
'Twill __ __ __ __ the jaded spirit,
Restore it __ __ __ __ and sound,
To see those fields of alien corn
That Ruth and __ __ __ __ found.

Contributed by Don Knuijt, Wauwatosa, Wis.


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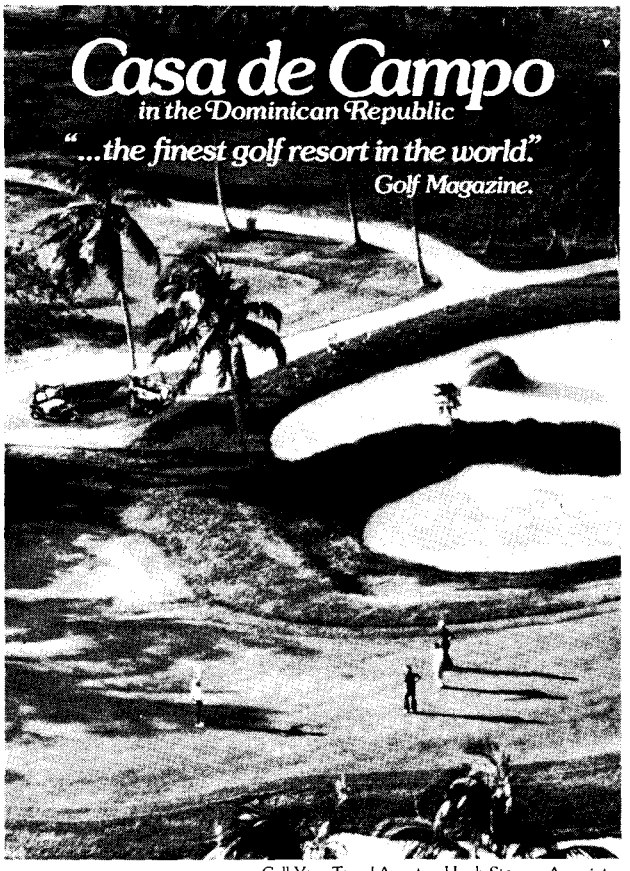


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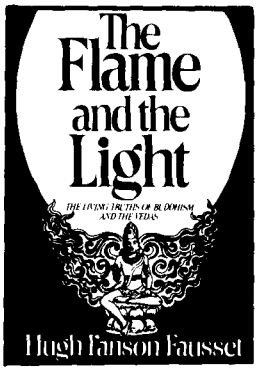


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should be treated as human beings. Bagdikian offers his own ideas on humane reform, but above all he reveals the psychosis-inducing life of prison, a life that "the system" prefers to keep secret but that society, in both a moral and a physical sense, ignores at its peril. His book is like a punch between the eyes.

—PETER GARDNER

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**The Farewell Party**
*by Milan Kundera*
*Translated from the Czech by Peter Kussi*
*Knopf, 224 pp., $7.95*

We haven't quite settled on exactly what we expect East European writing to deliver. Do we want a flat, bitter wafer or subversive flamboyance or neorealistic cautionary tales? And we're still nodding automatically to the sublime but circumscribing genius of Kafka. Milan Kundera, a Czech, has now published four works of fiction in the United States, and it's his latest novel that may finally separate the writer we think he should be from the one he is.

The earlier three books were dry, oblique, and persistent—comedies of social and sexual ritual. Ignored, the state was cut down to less than half size and treated like an old fussy aunt. His new novel, set in a fertility spa (presumably state-run), offers the same gentle, mocking mode, and American readers, by now used to hot pepper satire, may find it a little tame. The plot is busily operatic with questions of paternity, fraternity, mistaken objects, missed chances. Characters are ribby and one-sided. But Kundera doesn't aim for impressive psychology. His whirling plot and matchstick characters are obligations—ethics is his real game. Large and often nasty underchords sit in this novel, and they're refreshingly stripped of chic: imprisonment, suicide, sperm-banking, abortion, something as startlingly awful as dogcatching, and the terror of not undoing the disastrously done.

That integral themes like these come out luglike and drab is the disappointment here. Peter Kussi's translation is almost toneless; one doubts the original style is much better. As the book thickens with determination, legitimate asides turn into throb-throated sincerities and symbols; real dilemmas begin to feel trivial. This banality of style makes *The Farewell Party*, which might have been a diverting moral parable, into a German-tailored suit of a book—tapered, neat, but without an inch of dash. —ROSS FELD

**The Master and Other Stories**
*by Sue Kaufman*
*Doubleday, 229 pp., $7.95*

Sue Kaufman, best known for *Diary of a Mad Housewife* and *Falling Bodies*, shows a different and welcome aspect of her talent in these introspective short stories. Divided into three sections —about adolescents and students, young people in the tentative postcollege years, and adults confronting the burdens of family and responsibility—the collection is informed by a rewarding unity of style and theme. The time is just after World War II, an era of outer complacency shielding inner turmoil, mirrored in the excruciating private conflicts of Kaufman's heroes and heroines. Perpetual outsiders, bewildered and painfully self-aware, they throb with suppressed, embarrassing emotion.

As youngsters they conduct quiet but fierce rebellions against parents and the prevailing value system. As part of the wave of postwar tourists to Europe, they are frustrated to find they cannot easily shed their American immaturities and self-doubts. Later, as they marry, bear children, and fear death, they become poignant in their delicate struggle to make meaning out of the events that assail them.

Kaufman writes confidently in the realistic, analytic tradition not much in vogue today, and with more assured skill than in her novels. Her method is a careful accumulation of physical detail, leading to an intense climax of illumination and self-knowledge for the characters. Occasionally it is overdone: carried away by documentary, brand-name zeal, she distracts from the emotional content, creating an elaborate frame to bear a flimsy weight. But in the best stories, "The Jewish Cemetery," "Under the Trees," and "The Master," the resolution is beautiful, evocative, and satisfying. *The Master and Other Stories* exhibits the short-story form alive and well, in competent hands. —LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ

**Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 105**

John Chabot Smith: Alger Hiss

The jury . . . had become accustomed to Chambers changing his story as often as his name, and to the stamp of approval placed on his strange conduct by the . . . members of HUAC and the FBI. Common sense was pitted against authority, and . . . authority . . . won.



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# Trade Winds

by William Cole

**Hush**

The Houghton Mifflin New Poetry Series has come up with its second selection (the first honored was Judith Leet). *Hush*, by David St. John, will be published on September 15 at $5.95, cloth; $3.95, paper. St. John teaches at Oberlin College, and at twenty-seven he's already garnered a fine handful of awards and honors. His poetry is intellectual; some of it's even "difficult," and there are many fine images, as in "The Empty Dance Hall":

Resin swirls across the floor.
The country band has left;
and a mandolin
still sits in a window,
half a wooden pear.

The dry boards creak and pop,
the brass chandelier clinks softly.

I take the mandolin, and go out
under the ivy arbor,
and the swaying canopy of oak.
A folding chair falls shut
on the patio;
on the dark, uneven bricks.

I lean in the doorway,
and slide my fingers along
the rosewood neck.

As I begin to play
the wind rises,

like a girl
getting up from her chair,
for the last dance.

**To the Editor**

Kenneth Gregory sifted through 300,000 letters to the editor of *The Times* of London in compiling *Your Obedient Servant* (Two Continents, September 3, $10). The book covers the years 1900 to 1975 and is full of witty, peculiar, and eccentric things. After all, who can beat the English for eccentricity? One writer urges that the dirk be used in warfare, while another pushes for the lance to be kept in service. Then, in a discussion of banning the book *Little Black Sambo*, Michael Flanders brings in a new angle: "All lovers of the tiger and conservationists in general must deplore a work in which a great number of man's noblest and rarest eaters is wantonly oleaginated without rebuke."

Letters from such famous correspondents as Churchill, Berenson, Hardy, Beerbohm, Wodehouse, and Muggeridge abound. Best of all is G. Bernard Shaw's objecting (in 1905) to the appearance and behavior of a woman at Covent Garden:

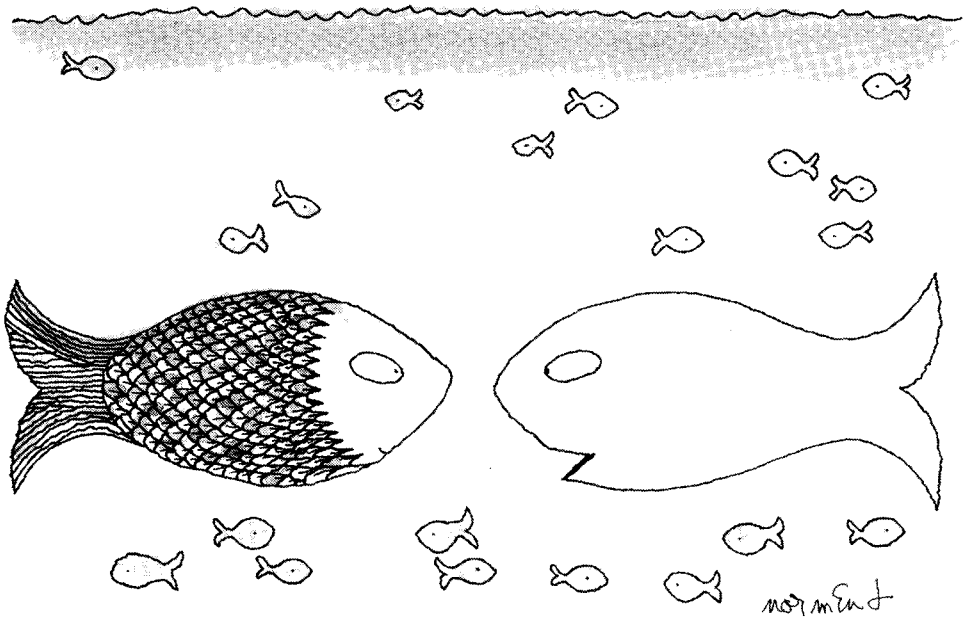
At 9 o'clock (the Opera began at 8) a lady came in and sat down very conspicuously in my line of sight. She remained there until the beginning of the last act. I do not complain of her coming late and going early: on the contrary, I wish she had come later and gone earlier. For this lady, who had very black hair, had stuck over her right ear the pitiable corpse of a large white bird, which looked exactly as if someone had killed it by stamping on its breast, and then nailed it to the lady's temple, which was presumably of sufficient solidity to bear the operation. . . . I presume that if I had presented myself at the doors with a dead snake round my neck, a collection of blackbeetles pinned to my shirtfront, and a grouse in my hair, I should have been refused admission. Why, then is a woman to be allowed to commit such a public outrage?

Now, will somebody please compile a book of letters to the editor of the world's most interesting newspaper, the *Irish Times*?

**Chairbound**

Odd how similar titles keep cropping up; we recently had Michael Braude's *My First Thirty Odd Years*, and on September 17 Basic Books will bring out Richard P. Brickner's *My Second Twenty Years*, priced at $7.95. The book is subtitled *An Unexpected Life*—unexpected because at age twenty, in 1953, Brickner broke his neck in an automobile accident and has been in a wheelchair ever since. A tough spot for a young man, but he's carved out a useful and an interesting life for himself as a book-publishing editor, a novelist, and a teacher of writing. He's done all right in the sex department, too. It's really a book about how to handle a grossly unfair deal; how to cope physically with wheelchairism and psychologically with other people—the curious, the over-solicitous, and the pitying:

I could easily be misrepresented. I could be overknown without being known at all. Thus women on the street marking me with the baby-loving smile, a dinner-party hostess serving my meat cut up for me, the grocery, once, sending my corn shucked. Friends, friends who love me, *contemporaries*, messing my hair, running a finger under my chin, pinching my cheeks . . . Early in the new life, in a restaurant, the first time I'd ever had lobster in a restaurant, I was upset when a waiter tied a lobster bib around me, imagining he'd singled me out as too clumsy to keep myself clean, until someone explained to me that lobster bibs were standard for people ordering lobster. ◉



*"I sure wish the artist had spent as much time drawing me as he did drawing you."*



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# Artsletter

## YEATS AND VERDI ON MICROFILM

A massive microfilm archive devoted to William Butler Yeats and his family has been established at the State University of New York in Stony Brook, Long Island. The microfilmed manuscripts—some 80,000 sheets in all—come from the National Library of Ireland and the home, in Dalkey, of Senator Michael Yeats, the poet's son. This mine of material comprises unpublished poems, plays, stories, novels, and essays, as well as diaries, memoirs, and letters. According to the experts, what has been published of Yeats so far represents merely the tip of the iceberg. In addition to documents relating to the poet, the collection also extends to the entire Yeats family: his father, John Butler; brother, Jack (both painters of distinction); his sisters, Lily and Lolly. Work is now under way at Stony Brook to catalog all this material on computer, a task never before attempted on such a scale in literary studies. Another archive has been set up, at the new American Institute for Verdi Studies, in New York City. The AIVS is closely allied to the Istituto di Studi Verdiani, in Parma, which for almost twenty years has been doing a splendid job of instigating and disseminating research on Italy's greatest composer. The material collected at Parma will eventually be available on microfilm at the American affiliate. In addition, AIVS is gathering its own collection of original Verdi documents. Further information can be obtained from the institute's director, Professor Martin Chusid, Department of Music, New York University, 268 Waverly Building, New York, N.Y. 10003.

## UPDATE ON HUROK

When Hurok Concerts changed hands a year ago, we reported: "The new management says that it contemplates no major changes in Hurok policies or personnel, but this is par for the course in the early stages of any takeover. Changes or not, it remains to be seen whether Hurok Concerts can survive without the feisty little Russian impresario who combined an ability for spotting talent with an ability to sell it" ("Artsletter," September 6, 1975). Since then, three top executives at Hurok have either resigned or been fired, many Hurok artists—among them such veterans as Isaac Stern and Andrès Segovia—have moved to another management, Hurok's exclusive lease of the Metropolitan Opera House has been allowed to lapse, and there is increasing talk that the company intends to diversify into ice shows and other nonclassical entertainment. The Hurok roster still retains many of its longtime artists, and the company will continue to use the Met on an ad hoc basis for individual attractions, but the initiative for presenting major music and dance groups from abroad is no longer a virtual Hurok monopoly. The balance of power in this domain is now shifting to the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, in Washington. Appropriately, its executive director is an ex-Hurok hand.

## BRIEFS

A total of $1.94 billion was contributed to the arts and humanities last year, up from $1.28 billion in 1974. The estimate comes from the American Association of Fund-Raising Counsel, which observes that most of the money was contributed by "individuals who took an enlarged interest in cultural activities at a time when the economy was brushing the bottom." . . . Saturday Review's dance critic, Walter Terry, has been made a Knight in the Danish Order of Dannebrog "in recognition of his writings about Danish ballet for many years." . . . "Artsletter" was off target by 300 miles in its recent prediction that retiring British Museum director Sir John Pope-Hennessy would be going to Harvard University. His destination instead is New York, where he will become chairman of the Metropolitan Museum's department of European paintings and professor of fine arts at New York University. Both appointments take effect at the beginning of 1977. . . . Houston's Contemporary Arts Museum was literally inundated by a flash flood earlier this summer. Water rose to a level of eight feet on the main floor, and paintings had to be rescued by scuba divers—surely a first in the annals of art. —ROLAND GELATT


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# Music to My Ears

## Paris Opera Preview, Pleasures of Provence

by Irving Kolodin

*"Liebermann has turned the Paris Opera around. . . . A success, but whose?"*

OVER much of its history, the long shadow cast by the famous French institution formally known as the Académie de Musique et de Danse was a composite of such creators as Charles Gounod and Giacomo Meyerbeer, Léo Delibes and Camille Saint-Saëns, and a whole school of famous recreators. Now that it is about to make its first American visit under the less formal name of the Théâtre National de l'Opéra (Paris Opera), the shadow it casts is less that of creators or recreators than of *administrateur* Rolf Liebermann, a leading exponent of the craft of retouching faded operatic glories.

The Swiss-born Liebermann took over the regeneration of the Hamburg Opera in 1959 and attained such success that, a decade later, he had his choice of theaters from Paris to Vienna. He chose Paris undoubtedly for multiple reasons, of which two were overriding. By the early 1970s the performance standard in Paris had sunk to its lowest point in history, a tempting form of disarray for any operatic retoucher; and the offer was baited with a fund of francs unprecedented in recent French history.

Of the consequences there can be very little doubt. Liebermann has turned the Paris Opera around, banished laissez-faire, upset bureaucratic complacency, and generated cheers and applause where there had long been ennui. A substantial success, but whose? Was it to the glory and distinction of the Paris Opera's proud past or to the arts of the operatic retoucher, so well practiced by Liebermann?

The productions of Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*—which will open the New York engagement at the Metropolitan on September 8—and Verdi's *Otello*—which is scheduled to follow—are, make no mistake, first class. They will be cheered and applauded. The style and musical discipline that Sir Georg Solti brings to the conducting of these masterpieces are welcome at any time, under any banner. The audience's response is certain to be warmly gratifying to the French orchestra, chorus, and stage personnel. But most of the principals, who will be "guesting" in New York, have, in fact, already been "guesting" in Paris. Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Edith Mathis, Margaret Price, José van Dam, Mirella Freni, and Carlo Cossutta are so much a part of the international operatic scene it is difficult to associate them with any specific theater.

As much could be said about many of the collaborators Liebermann has brought in to implement the operatic skills Solti has shown over the years in Chicago, London, and New York: a Czech designer (Josef Svoboda for *Otello*), an English and an Italian director (Terry Hands, of Stratford fame, for Verdi; Giorgio Strehler, of La Scala repute, for Mozart), and the best casts that money can buy. He has, moreover, banished anything in the least French associated with *Otello*: not a note is heard of the ballet music Verdi wrote for this opera's Paris premiere, of 1894. No great loss, it might be said, as it is not very good Verdi. But if this is a judgment based on taste, what is one to say of the taste that converted the simple scene of Desdemona and her Cypriot friends in Act II into a stage-filling spectacle for an ensemble of fifty? This is an excess against which Solti should have been, but wasn't, more vigilant on the composer's behalf.

ONE glory of recent Paris performances of *Otello*, which America will have to wait a little longer to see and hear, is the splendid Moor of Placido Domingo (Carlo Cossutta will perform the part in New York and Washington). Traditionally Otello is a part for a fiftyish tenor pitting the experience of a distinguished career against monstrous vocal demands. Domingo, not yet forty and still on the rising curve of a notable career, may be risking later fulfillments by gambling on Otello now. But it is a fact that after a rousing vengeance duet with Iago and a skin-crawling *"Dio! mi potevi"* in Act III, he still had the resources to concentrate his most beautiful, ardent singing in the evening-ending *"Un bacio—un bacio ancora"* to the lifeless Desdemona.

Those who have seen Gabriel Bacquier's Iago earlier in his career will note that the venerable mask of Mephistophelian menace he has been coached to assume by director Hands is no favor to subtlety or to credibility vis-à-vis his wife, Emilia (Jane Berbié). Margaret Price, of England, lacks charm as Desdemona, but she obviously gave Solti what he wanted in dramatic emphasis for the ensemble of Act III, while filing her substantial sound down to a very creditable "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria" in Act IV.

The *Figaro* production (conducted, on the occasion I was present, by the Israeli Gary Bertini, who will also make the journey to America) has eminent virtues of sense, stability, and musical probity—all to Solti's greater glory. However, Freni, von Stade, and van Dam are a trio who owe no allegiance to Paris, and Bacquier, who does, is in the classic Mozartean category of John Brownlee (who was, himself, a product of Parisian training when singers went to that city to learn, not because it paid top dollar).

To begrudge Liebermann the credit for his success in Paris would be unfair: it is in the great tradition of Intendants and Herr Direktors, from Mahler, in Vienna, to Bing, in New York. The difference is, however, that, by heredity and design, the Paris Opera has personified something all other cities lacked: an emphasis, a point of view, a way of combining words and music based on a national repertory and a singing style of its own.

Liebermann has promised to resume the performance of *opéra-comique* in its traditional home in the Rue Favart. His concern for the classic French repertory would doubtless have been more elo-



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quently expressed had America been offered the much-admired revival of Dukas's *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue* rather than a new *Faust* (preferred, for box-office reasons, by the Hurok management, which is promoting the American visit). But when his contract expires, in 1980, it will remain for someone else to do what Liebermann has not done: to make Paris the home again not merely of fine opera but of fine French opera.

BETWEEN the performance of *Otello* on Monday night of one week and *Figaro* on the Saturday night of the week following (the *Faust* production was already "on the water" to New York), opportunity was available to pursue the rails and trails that lead past such stations as Gevrey-Chambertin and Nuits St. Georges to the Gallic destinations that Caesar prophetically said are "divided into three parts."

Outstanding among them, as well as the first to be encountered on a journey south, is the encompassing Théâtre Antique, in Orange. The dimensions of this staggering arena dwarf any other amphitheater in which I have heard Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and it is to the honor of conductor Mstislav Rostropovich that the massive work came to fulfillment on a scale suitable to the surroundings. These include a towering back wall rising to a height of thirty-eight meters (or 124.62 feet), which throws the sound back to an equally high "wall" of 11,000 listeners arranged on the sharply inclined, backless rows of stone blocks.

As a conductor, Rostropovich's sudden lunges and flailing arm movements are curiously undisciplined—especially for a man whose cello playing is a model of technical command. In some circumstances they served less to alert than to surprise the members of the participating French National (Radio) Orchestra. But the input springs from the same capacious musical heart that makes Rostropovich unique among contemporary string players. Through the intervention of the New Philharmonia Chorus and a solo quartet bringing together Galina Vishnevskaya (the conductor's wife), Michèle Vilma, James King, and John Macurdy, Schiller's words resounded in Beethoven's music. Certainly Orange, in one of its massive annual manifestations, should be a part of every music lover's experience.

IN AVIGNON the Roman remnants are of another sort. Perversely, they have spawned a summer-long festival, amazing for its emphasis on youth and consciously structured to produce nonconformity. The former is apparent on every side—beards in flower, backpacks as common as folkstyle guitars, and the mating call universally evident. The latter is equally apparent in the roll call of repertory in theater, in film, in dance, and in music.

The nesting urge was a vibrant part of the principal musical offering in midsummer, a new work by François-Bernard Mâche entitled *Da Capo* (*"Une adventure de l'ère quaternaire"*). Perhaps "aural" would be a better word than "musical" to describe this novelty, for the staged-danced-screamed celebration of the life-force amid fettering social conventions found its outlet not only in ancient bombards and shawms, but in Klaxons, steel drums, and prerecorded tape.

Central to all this was a pair of nude performers (fortunately arranged in the old-fashioned sexual pairing) who communicated a nesting urge for which no mating call was necessary. The response of the equally youthful ensemble, in action and in sound, was much related to the unwanted intrusion of social conventions, as represented by legalizing papers and sanctifying ceremonies. When these discouraging conventions had their smothering effect and the stage was once more quiet, a much younger nude body—male—wandered about the stage. *Da Capo*: the cycle is back "to the beginning," to be enacted all over again. The serious, well-conceived effort, in which Jean-Pierre Dougnac (*mise en scène*), William Underdown (*scénographie*), and Yolande Marzolf (*chorégraphie*) collaborated, had total validity in the surroundings: the cloister of an ancient church on a warm midsummer midnight.

IN AIX, another churchyard, another kind of communion. Here it is contained within the Ancien Archêveché, which crowns one of Aix's highest hills. As it has been for twenty years past, this summer's interest has nothing to do with matters either ancient or clerical. Rather it has to do with the stage, orchestra pit, and bleacherlike tiers of seats that have been crammed into the courtyard to produce a place in which singers—mostly young and at a turning point in an operatic career—may be found willing or wanting.

The latest voice and body to be rewarded with the full-throated roar that an Archêveché audience can bestow on a singer who has exceeded expectations belong to Sylvia Sass, a rising soprano of Hungarian birth. Tall by female stan-



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dards, and slender by any, Sass, in her first appearance before an international festival audience, showed herself to be the rarest kind of Violetta: one who magnetized the ear with the rich dramatic sound in her opening "*Flora, amici*" and then went on to erect a credible, florid superstructure on the firm foundation. The twenty-six-year-old soprano not merely dealt at ease and with finesse in the act-ending sequence of vocal challenges but sustained a pattern of low-level dynamics and low-profile musicality that respected Verdi's directions to the extent of the midrange, *written* vocal climax rather than the commonly interpolated high note. Her second-act duets and the final death scene moved through a similar, purposeful cycle.

Sass was displayed in an oddly madcap production by Jorge Lavelli that utilized a forecurtain of panels that slid together to each side. (A similar arrangement at stage rear allowed the ensemble to appear and to disappear.) Purposeful bad taste reigned supreme in Max Bignens's costumes. Amid all this, the curiously virginal Violetta, portrayed by Sass, circulated in floating patterns that set her apart from the crass surroundings. Given proper direction, supervision, and, above all, isolation from the head-spinning publicity she has already begun to receive in France, Sass could be singing a lot of things in a lot of places for a long time to come. Conductor Michel Plasson, of the opera theater at Toulouse, showed excellent musical command of a cast that included Iouri Mazourok of the Bolshoi Opera as a gruff, foursquare Germont; and Gyula Littai, a gifted tenor (also young and Hungarian), as Alfredo.

The crowning felicity of all these facilities in pleasure-packed Provence is the three-lane *autoroute* A7, which directly connects Orange-Avignon-Aix and sprouts feeder roads to Arles and Nîmes. The late starting hour (10 P.M. is universally favored) permits ample driving and dining time on the day of a performance, with sight-seeing in the normal process of moving from place to place. If the driver is also a wise traveler, he will book himself into one of the new Jacques Borel Sofitels that dot the area. They may be described as a combination of American motel convenience with the visual and gustatory amenities for which French hospices are celebrated. It all adds up to a well-balanced pattern of swift moving action by day, soul-satisfying sound in the evening, and restorative slumber at night in air-conditioned isolation from the searing sun of the daylight hours. ◉


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# The Movies

## Keeping It All in the Family

by Judith Crist

THE curse of the movie critic—those Arbuthnotian wits who demand sardonically, "Seen any good movies lately?"—is being lifted for the nonce. Not only have some good movies put in a belated appearance but they even involve some nice people!

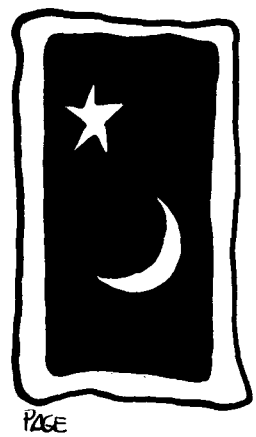
*Cousin, Cousine*, a second film (the first released here) by France's Jean-Charles Tacchella, is one of those rare delights you want to see again and again just to share the sheer joy of living, zest for love, genuine affection, all-too-human absurdity, and pure happiness of all those delicious people on screen. Tacchella's is a love story with a twist, a family film about an extensive and extended family, a zany comedy that holds firm to its realities—and a complete refreshment for the movie-jaded spirit.

A film that starts out with an irritated householder herding his dressed-up family into a car with "Why is your mother getting married on a Friday?" sets its own pace. His mother-in-law's marriage to a high-spirited gent unites two large families and makes the groom's nephew, Ludovic, and the bride's elder daughter, Marthe, *cousin* and *cousine*. They meet briefly at the all-day wedding when they have been deserted by their respective spouses, who are off on a back-in-the-bushes fling; after a family funeral, their acquaintance develops into friendship; after another family wedding, their friendship develops into love.

The lovers are deeply rooted people, affectionate and kind. Marthe, a secretary well into her thirties, with a young son, has been married for eleven years to Pascal, a drug salesman, who is thirty conquests short of matching Casanova's record but abandons his six current mistresses to purge his "guilt" over his fling with Ludovic's wife. Ludovic, a fortyish live-and-let-live chap who changes careers triennially, has a sixteen-year-old daughter by his first marriage and is now married to Karine, a neurotic child-bride. Marthe, a broad-in-the-beam fresh-faced blonde, and Ludovic, a going-to-paunch, open-faced dark-haired man, conceal nothing from Pascal and Karine as their determinedly platonic relationship grows from their mutual interests in swimming, music, pastry, and sheer *joie de vivre*. Step by step, Marthe becomes a radiant beauty, Ludovic a romantic hero. Their families can but look on with wonder, with even the children catching the reflected glory.

Tacchella has captured the mood of the aberrant family that Hollywood once knew so well in such comedies of the thirties as *You Can't Take It with You* and *The Young in Heart*. There is the grandmother, as ready to Charleston as to find a new man; Ludovic's father, who sits outside during weddings and funerals convinced that churches have no place in a republic; Ludovic's daughter, abandoning her ambition to be a murderer in favor of a first love. There is Karine, quick to fix her lipstick before a wrist-slashing attempt, and Pascal, unable to relinquish his double standards or find a non-adulterous, let alone non-infantile, way of proving his manhood. Above all, there are Marthe and Ludovic, as honest with themselves as with others, unembarrassed in their pursuit of happiness and thereby sharing their joy and affection with all.

Tacchella tells their story in novelistic terms, concerned far more with the oddities of character than with the extravagances of the camera, though he is as ready for the trivial sight gag as for the introspective moment. His cast is delightful, with Marie-Christine Barrault, whom you may remember from *Ma Nuit Chez Maude*, a captivating Marthe, and Victor Lanoux, endearing as Ludovic. Marie-France Pisier as Karine, Guy Marchand as Pascal, and Ginette Garcin as the gay grandmother offer fine support. All join in creating a feel-good movie, one that makes you like the people on screen—and yourself.




NICE people, rare as they are on screen, do not, of course, guarantee the quality of a film. Pierre Richard is as pleasant and cool a pawn of the intelligence establishment in *The Return of the Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe* as he was in the 1973 original of the caper comedies, conducted by Francis Veber and directed by Yves Robert. But the emphasis is on "concocted": the comedy is so obviously structured, the situations so laboriously set up, that the hero's niceness becomes blandness in the tedium of his cavorting. In the same way, not all of Jean-Paul Belmondo's charm and talent nor Jacqueline Bisset's beauty and talent can take the déjà vu out of Philippe De Broca's *Le Magnifique*. The French writer-director covered the same James Bond–spoofery territory in his *That Man from Rio*, in 1964; variations on the theme are as wearying as they are irrelevant today. Belmondo is excellent in the dual role of a debt-ridden author of hack adventure tales and of the dashing hero of those tales. Bisset is lovely as the nice, serious sociology student who is the writer's neighbor and as the smashingly sexy heroine of his fictions. The scenery is as pleasing as the performers. The script is not.

For more "serious" comedy there is Pietro Germi's *My Friends*, a film co-authored and prepared for production by the brilliant director of *Divorce Italian Style* and *Seduced and Abandoned* before his death on December 5, 1974, and taken over and directed by Mario Monicelli, creator of *Big Deal on Madonna Street* and *The Organizer*. It is a very funny and shrewd low comedy about five grown men who relieve their bleak provincial-backwater lives by going "gypsying," taking off on a series of practical jokes that range from gate-crashing parties to elaborate charades. The story—of a dissolute, penniless count, Ugo Tognazzi; a mediocre architect, Gaston Moschin; the local saloonkeeper, Duilio Del Prete; and a successful surgeon, Adolfo Celi—is told by the fifth of the group, a wearied crime reporter,



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Philippe Noiret, who, separated from his wife and alienated from his son, admittedly "gets vegetarian thinking of the flesh of my flesh." On the surface it is a hilarious account of their wooing of a woman with obscene phone calls; their providing for the count with respect for his pride; their turning a town topsy-turvy posing as highway engineers; and their hoaxing a stingy pensioner into thinking he's in on a Mafia drug deal. But underneath the fun and games there's a devastating picture of men behaving on a small-boy level, prone to declare, "It sure is great to be with men—why weren't we born fags?" A good time is one "like when we were kids"; the refuge from being nobodies, from scorning and using women, from the joylessness of the lives they've made, lies in infantile clowning. Both Germi and Monicelli are masters of the surface hilarity that glosses the nastiness of little lives. This collaboration embodies their craft and the bitter truths beneath the comedy.

For straight comedy—and "straight" is hardly the word, on second thought—*The Ritz*, Richard Lester's film of Terrence McNally's raucous, raunchy Broadway hit comedy, provides good, unclean, superficial fun. A hip descendant of *Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath* by way of Feydeau farces, McNally's near-nonsensical but ultra-savvy comedy focuses on the very gay, super–art deco Ritz bathhouse, in New York, wherein a fat garbageman from Cleveland is hiding out from his Mafia brother-in-law, who's out to get him; the brother-in-law is on the prowl; and Googie Gomez, the ultimate ambitious no-talent entertainer, is entertaining. McNally has "opened out" his screenplay just enough to add to the frenetic scrambling in and out of the steam room, countless bedrooms, and endless stairways.

Lester, in a stylish return to his early days of Beatlemania, keeps the fun as frenzied and judiciously timed as its tightrope walk across the boundaries of taste demands. Best of all, the three delights of the Broadway production—Rita Moreno, whose Tony-award-winning Googie is a classic comedy creation; Jack Weston, whose ungay garbageman is a joy; and Jerry Stiller as the Mafia-oriented brother-in-law—are on hand, augmented by Kaye Ballard as the garbageman's wife and by a fine supporting cast. Not for the prudish—if prudery bars one from enjoying compassionate jokes about fatties, homosexuals, no-talents, and dopes—*The Ritz* is about as sophisticated as good old-fashioned lowbrow comedy can get. ◉

# Dance

## Holland Festival: A New York Preview

by Walter Terry

*Amsterdam*

It is not necessary to go to the Stadsschouwburg (Municipal Theater) in old Amsterdam in order to experience one of the delights of Holland. The Uris Theater (near Broadway) in Nieuw Amsterdam will do quite nicely when The Dutch National Ballet (Het Nationale Ballet) makes its United States debut in a one-week (November 9–14), two-program engagement. Indeed, the fifteen-year-old company, the result of a fusion between the Amsterdam Ballet and the Netherlands Ballet, is one of the most attractive international ballet troupes I have seen: technically strong, exuberant in spirit, yet with a unique Dutch flavor, made possible by its triumvirate of resident Dutch choreographers—the veteran Hans van Manen (well known around the world), Rudi van Dantzig (the director), and Toer van Schayk.

Although its repertory includes the largest selection of contemporary classical ballets by George Balanchine of any European company—and the dancers perform such works as *Donizetti Variations* with a crystallike exactitude—the accent is on choreography that incorporates the brilliance of classical ballet technique with the rich expressivity of modern dance.

Two of the Dutch stars, Alexandra Radius and Han Ebbelaar, are popular with American balletomanes through past appearances with the American Ballet Theater. Here, at the summertime Holland Ballet Festival, the two brought special distinction to the performances, with Ebbelaar turning in superb dancing as the central figure in van Manen's *Four Schumann Pieces*, in which he enacts the role of the male seeking his place: in group life, in association with two girls, in a male friendship, and, finally, in achieving an awareness of his self-identity in the patterns of living.

This theme of the male in quest of himself within his society and within his own calendar of passing days was also the focus of van Dantzig's *Blown in a Gentle Wind* (Richard Strauss). It occurred to me that these van Manen and van Dantzig ballets and, indeed, several of the works of the American John Butler very possibly indicate a social trend: in this era of women's lib a new Eve has emerged; the man is searching for a comparable or at least an adjusted identity as a new Adam, a character not yet clearly delineated.

Among Dutch ballets that New Yorkers will see (the Broadway season will follow an extensive Canadian tour) are van Manen's *Metaphors* (music of Daniël Lesur), with choreography distinguished by a superior union (totally unforced) of classical ballet and modern dance in which one finds a remarkable classical *pas de deux* for two men (including ballet lifts and supported turns), an equally brilliant duet for two girls (no lifts but semisupport *adage*), and a stunning double *pas de deux* culminating in a male-female *pas de quatre*. Ebbelaar, Radius, Francis Sinceretti, and Sonja Marchiolli were the impressive principals.

Also slated for New York are van Dantzig's new *Ginastera* (to music by the Latin American composer Alberto Ginastera), opening with a stunning dance for eight boys (followed by the arrival of eight girls), with subsequent sequences of fascinating choreographic designs that possess both originality and kinetic excitement; van Dantzig's macabre, almost pure modern dance *Epitaph* (Gyorgy Ligeti), with coffins, mummies, and scary brides; van Manen's *Twilight*, a *pas de deux* (music of John Cage) for Radius and Ebbelaar (seen once last spring in New York in a gala); and van Schayk's new *Before, During and After the Party* (music of Gilius van Bergeyk plus Russian piano music). From my most happy ballet experiences here in Holland, I am sure it is safe to predict that the Dutch, who founded our city of Nieuw Amsterdam, will retake it, choreographically speaking, with our enthusiastic approval.

Holland's other major company—and it, too, enjoys international prestige—is the Netherlands Dance Theater, with


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Hans Knill and Jiri Kylian as its artistic directors and Carel Birnie as the general director. Americans, applauding its avant-garde programs anywhere from the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival to the Brooklyn Academy of Music, have found it to be modern dance oriented with an overlay of ballet. At the Holland Ballet Festival I noticed a new trend (confirmed for me by Kylian): greater accent on the balletic structure of the dances. The girls' *pointe* work is, in fact, both sturdy and technically elaborate, but the genre remains "modern dance" or, at least, that emerging form, discernible on both sides of the Atlantic, best described as "dance," incorporating whatever physical prowesses or styles a choreographer may demand.

Here in Amsterdam (the troupe's home is The Hague) was van Manen's *Three Pieces* (Grazyna Bacewicz). Especially effective in terms of physical virtuosity, it featured Jeanne Solan; the distinguished (he's even had a ballet named for him) Gérard Lemaitre; and a dancer of dazzling accomplishments, Jon Benoit (an American dancer trained by our own great *premier danseur* of an earlier era, André Eglevsky).

Kylian's *Torso*, also on the festival program, is a powerful dance-drama about an uprooted human. Kylian, a Czech unable to return to his homeland, told me he thought of this semi-autobiographical piece as suggesting a tree without nourishing roots; so we might wish to think of the title as "trunk" rather than "torso." In any event, the sparsely furnished room (that we see first through a brick wall projected on a scrim) and the spare music (Toru Takumitsu's "Textures") and the stark but violent movement of the man and his female visitor (brilliantly danced by Sabine Kupferberg and Benoit) catch up the viewer in a curious emotional vortex in which anguish, desperation, and desire have, indeed, neither roots nor resolution except in resignation.

The Netherlands Dance Theater (Het Nederlands Dans Theater), founded in 1959, has built up a reputation not only for avant-garde works but also for continuing outpourings of novelty. Said Kylian, rather sadly, "Our public demands something new all the time, but, you know, we have our classics, too. They are modern, but they are good and deserve to be seen many times." And he is right. Although this company fairly churns with creativity, it has produced some ballets that deserve permanent places in the growing repertory of Dutch dance accomplishment. ◉

# Television

## An Animated Ride on Life's Carousel

by Karl E. Meyer

For a few brief weeks after Labor Day, there is an armistice of sorts on American television. The ratings war has not resumed in earnest, and program executives allow themselves a little modest adventuring. Thus Channel 9 in New York, for example, is giving viewers five days of British programming (from September 5 to 9) produced by Thames Television, a London commercial station. And the networks have also scheduled a few more specials than usual.

Then bang! The season officially begins, and total war renews. Armies of private eyes, bionic women, and Western badmen charge into the Nielsen battlefield, with no mercy shown to losers. The goal is to establish supremacy in ratings; the reward is greater advertising income; and the first casualty is the unconventional (i.e., risky) prime-time special. So from now until the new season starts, we must be grateful for whatever favors we receive.

The process is perfectly illustrated by the belated debut of "Everybody Rides the Carousel," a ninety-minute CBS special that will be broadcast on September 10, from 8 to 9:30 P.M. "Carousel" is thoroughly original and captivating. It uses the art of animation to convey simply, but not simplemindedly, Erik Erikson's concept of the eight stages of human life. It will most probably be acclaimed by critics and win a batch of awards—but it is less than surefire as a prime-time program. The film was ready for broadcast nearly a year ago, but CBS was losing in the ratings battlefield to ABC, and "Carousel" was held up until the preseason lull this fall. The television industry, too, has its stages of life.

"Everybody Rides the Carousel" is a beguiling fusion of image and music, word and theory. The theories are those of Dr. Erikson, a pupil of Sigmund Freud and the author of *Gandhi's Truth, Young Man Luther*, and *Childhood and Society*. According to Erikson, all of us pass through eight stages of life, each with its peculiar conflicts and moments of triumph and distress. By understanding these stages, we have a better chance of catching the brass ring as the carousel whirls around.

Erikson's thesis has been translated into cartoons by John Hubley, who learned his craft with Walt Disney and who later created the character of Mr. Magoo for United Productions of America. In collaboration with his wife, Faith, a film and music editor, Hubley has shaped a film of contagious charm, which the Mobil Oil Corporation is sponsoring.

This is a program that should be seen on color television because its changing moods are fixed in pastel tints, with overtones of Chagall, Cézanne, Dufy, and George Grosz mingling with the cartoon techniques of Disney, Mr. Magoo, and (so I thought) Charles Schulz.

The primal world of infancy is effectively suggested by snatches of adult dialogue as artfully blurred as the images seen from the crib. In childhood a Lion of Autonomy grapples with the Bunny of Doubt in sequences superbly and convincingly rendered by animation. Adolescence, with its "crisis of identity," is captured by four swaggering teenagers in a rumble through an amusement park. Courtship,


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parenthood, maturity, and old age are likewise skillfully evoked as the carousel advances from cradle to grave.

Praise is in order for the soundtrack, which draws on such diverse talents as Dizzy Gillespie and Pablo Casals for an aural complement to the flowing animations. My only reservation about "Carousel" was the introductory this-won't-hurt-a-bit pabulum narrated by actress Cicely Tyson, delivered as if an apology was necessary for showing something more serious than "Rin Tin Tin." Nothing is more contemptible in network television than the reflexive anxiety that precedes any concession to maturity.

A final thought about "Everybody Rides the Carousel" concerns the timing of its broadcasting. It is a disgrace that the makers of this fine film have had to wait nearly a year for an air date because of the ratings war. Why shouldn't the preseason armistice be followed by additional ritualized truces in which all three networks would agree to suspend hostilities and give quality programming a chance? Why not one day a week when the Nielsen meters would be turned off and the bionic armies withdrawn from the tube? The losses in the profit column, whatever they are, could be more than compensated for by gains in the public's esteem for the networks. In the coming season, other superior programs may well be shelved for a year because the strategists of commercial broadcasting fear they will attract an audience of (only) 10 million people. In psychoanalytic terms, our television system is objectively insane; one wishes that Dr. Erikson could put its masters on the couch.

SEVERAL readers have rightly reproached me for failing to give full credit, in my article (May 29) about Norman Lear, to the British series "Till Death Us Do Part," on which Mr. Lear based his "All in the Family" series. The point is well taken; Norman Lear adapted a British idea to American-network purposes, though in the process the series underwent a sea change. Meanwhile, I am informed by Mr. Lear that he has two new series coming up this season: one, on CBS, that will be about politics; and the other, on ABC, about television itself. The latter show will star Nancy Walker as a lady agent functioning in the Hollywood jungle. The agent deals chiefly with a network vice-president who can't make a decision before 3 P.M. since that's when school lets out and all his program decisions are made by his seven-year-old son. I hope ABC doesn't bump that one. ◉

# Theater

## "As You Like It" Au Naturel

by Henry Hewes

*La Rochelle, France*

WHEN Shaw ridiculed Shakespeare for the exasperating silliness of *As You Like It*, he did so within the boundaries of nineteenth-century theater. And indeed most twentieth-century productions of this rustic comedy continue to work inside the same boundaries, hoping to make the love-at-first-sight romance of Orlando and Rosalind so charming that audiences will overlook the rest of the play and not be overly bothered by the fact that the famous Seven Ages of Man soliloquy is as conspicuous in its gratuitousness as it is overwhelming in its comprehensiveness.

Now Andréï Serban's Great Jones Repertory Troupe of La Mama has reapproached *As You Like It* in a highly original way, one so fresh and imaginative that it constitutes a balanced and harmonious vision of the play's totality. Serban's production provided the *pièce de résistance* at the fourth Rencontres Internationales d'Art Contemporain, held earlier this summer at the French resort of La Rochelle.

The approach is neither Elizabethan nor Victorian. Rather, Serban brings to Shakespeare the same intensive celebration of intrinsic and eternal mysteries that he did to his previous highly acclaimed versions of *Medea, The Trojan Women,* and *Electra*. From the company's years of developing and touring these plays—*Medea* was performed atop a tomb in Persepolis, *Electra* on a mountain in Greece, and *The Trojan Women* on the French seacoast with the women actually embarking on a boat at the end—the value of performing in an authentic environment has become increasingly appreciated. And thus it was that a wooded park near La Rochelle was chosen as the environment in which the company would attempt to rediscover and present *As You Like It*. If the play's court-bred characters had something to learn from life in the forest, so might the La Mama actors find the right approach more easily in rough contact with natural surroundings than before painted backdrops.

If the company was to rough it, so, too, must the audience. Therefore, the action is staged in several locations, with the audience following the actors from place to place. The early scenes at court are played in a space in front of an eighteenth-century mansion. Here Serban uses music and dumb shows to create the unnatural evil that so often attends court life. The

*Rosalind (Eileen Atkins) instructs Orlando (Kenneth Welsh).*

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banishment of Orlando, Adam, Rosalind, Celia, and Touchstone to the woods is thus put on a larger canvas as a particular symptom of a general disease. And this is accomplished without neglecting the comedy. Indeed, the wrestling match in which a lightweight Orlando easily defeats a muscular opponent is made hilarious when the bigger wrestler enters in such stampeding fury that four men cannot hold him back. This level of exaggeration is nicely sustained when Orlando simply sidesteps his blindly charging adversary, picks him up, whirls him around, and drops him helplessly dizzied on the mat.

Equally delightful and audacious is the production's fantastical use of environment. Touchstone first appears precariously poised atop a chimney on the high mansion roof. This contrasts engagingly with Rosalind and Celia, wearing flowered hats and carrying colored butterfly nets, as they converse in the garden below. Their sheltered Victorian existences are contrasted with the real foulness around them, represented by such devices as a silently enacted murder performed by grim hooded figures or by the menacing sounds of drums, flute, and trombone. But here, as throughout the production, music is not so much a message to the audience as it is a rhythmic energy source that propels the actors.

Music is also used to summon the entire audience from the court into the forest, where bleachers have been set up. On one side is a brook into which characters fall. On the other is a tree house into which Jaques climbs and from which he delivers his comments. And in front is a remarkable performing area one hundred feet deep, a space that permits a cinema-like shifting of perspective from close-up to long shot. Thus Serban can conjure up the unforgettable spectacle of a naked Audrey waving cheerfully to the spectators as she is hauled willingly away into the distance by Touchstone. To further conjure up the "natural" atmosphere, Serban uses real sheep, goats, and horses.

In this setting there is no evil, only natural forces leading to natural results. In such a world, everyone is seen as at least a little foolish. Yet out of this folly emerges more than a little wisdom: when Rosalind instructs Orlando, she not only converts his puppy love into something more genuine, she also learns a lot about herself.

But the wisest fool of them all is the acerbic Jaques, played with genuine hauteur by William Duff-Griffin. When he speaks of the seven ages of man, he ties his words to the play by using Orlando's aged, toothless servant, Adam, as the focus of the speech. Later, in a brilliant touch, Jaques appears hobolike, carrying his worldly goods in a handkerchief at the end of a stick, announcing that he is going off with the "evil" duke, who is abjuring the court and its corruption.

In a way, this moment is the end of the play's consideration of folly and wisdom. Yet it is followed by two memorable celebrations. With the couples dressed in lovely Rumanian folk costumes designed by Miruna Boruzesco and Audrey Jenkinson and with the god Hymen and his followers chanting Elisabeth Swados's insistent epithalamium, a wedding ceremony reaffirms the play's universality. And the epilogue, spoken in French by Priscilla Smith, charms everyone. Since Ms. Smith first emerged as a bacchante in *Dionysus in '69*, she has played the role of Medea in ancient Greek and has sung and mimed engagingly as the god woman of Szechuan. And now as Rosalind she has not only mastered Shakespeare's elevated speech but has also endeared herself to French theatergoers by addressing them in their native tongue. Here is cultural exchange in its truest sense.

At Stratford, Conn., the American Shakespeare Theater is presenting *As You Like It* within the confines of the proscenium playhouse. Directed with inventiveness and humor by Michael Kahn, the story is told intelligently and rises to some splendid dramatic moments.

As Rosalind, Eileen Atkins is always impishly fascinating. She can suddenly deepen a romantic crevice into a canyon of feeling more tellingly than any actress I know. Tovah Feldshuh comes merrily to life when, as Celia, she makes a practical assessment of the situation. For instance, when somebody suggests that Rosalind has fainted at the sight of blood, Feldshuh's succinct "There's more in it" is superior comedy. Philip Kerr is amusing as a Jaques who likes to put on airs; he enlivens his soliloquy by growing angry as he describes the deterioration that attends old age. Near the end, a lovely stage cameo is created when two children sing "It was a Lover and his Lass," thus setting a mood for the final scene.

Obviously this company is better trained and more experienced in traditional Shakespearean performances than is Serban's troupe. But somehow La Mama's fools in the real forest seem more in touch with the life of the play. Maybe this is what Shaw missed in the production of his day. ◉


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# The Pulse of the Sea

**A Monthly Letter from Jacques-Yves Cousteau, president, The Cousteau Society**


## God Ordered Man to Contemplate the Stars

RETURNING from an undersea expedition in the Aegean Sea, I learned of the successful landing of the Viking space probe on Mars. Viking was searching for traces of primitive life millions of miles away. *Calypso* had been excavating ancient shipwrecks, finding human skulls and bones, the remains of the most sophisticated creature of whom we know—man. Feeling the stress of those simultaneous past and future shocks, I closed my eyes.

Sixty years ago, in my native village of Saint André de Cubzac, there was no electricity. After dinner, around the huge fireplace, the grown-ups would exchange remarks incomprehensible to us, the five bedeviled children of three families. Then our ageless maid, Seconde, wrapped in black from head to toe, would call the young ones to the stairs and hand each a small kerosene lamp—*une lampe pigeon*. Sometimes, instead of going to bed, we would tiptoe up one more floor to the attic, where we frightened one another by hiding behind dusty coffers and trunks or holding up the vacillating flames of our little *lampes pigeon* before a skeleton, hanging there, a few bones missing—not good enough for anatomy courses. As its shadow danced among the spiders on the wall, we knew the world of dreams was ours.

Four years later, aged ten, I was given my initiation into diving in Lake Harvey, Vermont, in the United States. At that time there were still large blanks—unexplored areas—on my school atlas of the world. Years later, I entered the French naval academy and, as a young lieutenant, soon became eager to know what was happening deep below the keel of my ship. Meanwhile, as the blank areas of the map were filled in, explorers turned to the polar areas, the underground caves, and the ocean floor. I had the privilege to be acquainted with the very last explorers of our globe: the pioneer speleologist Norbert Casteret, the volcanologist Haroun Tazieff, and the hero of the poles, Admiral Richard Byrd. They belong to a time past, a time when explorers were adventurers, when big discoveries could be made by a single determined person or by a small team. What motivated these men, who were ready to risk their lives to uncover a small piece of the unknown? What prompted Pytheas, the Vikings, Vasco da Gama, Auguste Piccard, Roald Amundsen, and NASA's collective effort to conquer the moon? And, readers may ask, what motivated me to assault the very last frontier of our planet, the blue frontier?

On November 27, 1942, after an exhausting day that had been interrupted twice by the sirens of air-raid alarms, my wife and I were in our Marseilles apartment, packing all our belongings in trunks and suitcases. Our two boys, aged six and four, were fast asleep. We were to leave the next day for Lisbon, where I had been commissioned as assistant naval attaché. Suddenly, over the radio, we heard the announcer break the news that, close by, in Toulon, the French fleet had been scuttled to avoid its falling into the hands of the invading Germans. Our tears were for the loss of our fleet—gone was the last trace of independence, of pride, and of hope left to us after our defeat. The next day, our assignment to Lisbon was canceled, my diplomatic career was aborted, and I became an undersea explorer. So, in my case, I could oversimplify the answer to the often-asked question: why does man explore? I was cut out for exploration by tragic events. Others became explorers by rivalry, through despair, or to get away from their wives. I wonder if anyone can seriously assert that he has always been able to steer his life in exactly the way he wanted.

Our current exploration of Greek waters for remains of lost civilizations—as well as for ecological lessons from antiquity—is one of the most exciting expeditions of my life.

In January our research vessel, *Calypso*, arrived at Crete, and we docked in the harbor of Heraklion, on the north coast, near Knossos. A violent northeastern wind named Meltemi made our situation almost untenable, in spite of the fact that we were sheltered by a modern jetty made of concrete. It was then that, as a sailor, I reasoned that in antiquity the tiny primitive harbor of Knossos could not have protected the ships of King Minos from Meltemi. Looking at the map, I deduced that the only safe anchorages in case of northern winds were to be found on the southern coast of Dia, a small island lying only eight miles north of Crete.

We explored the waters around Dia from twenty feet to 300 feet, using Aqualung divers and our exploration submarine, the *Diving Saucer*. We found six ancient shipwrecks, ranging from the first to the sixteenth century A.D., carrying either bronze guns, silver and copper ware, hundreds of amphorae, or dozens of large blocks of marble, some of them ornate or sculptured, possibly the remains of a "stolen" palace or temple that had been transported in parts, as the famous Hearst castle was.

We were about to leave when my chief diver, Albert Falco, asked me to let him have a last swim near shore. He snorkeled in the bay of St. George while we were warming up the motors to sail away. He came back reporting that he had found a strange "heap of stones" of colossal dimensions.

Nothing much, after all . . . or maybe . . . maybe something unexpected! This last-minute find, vague and dubious, did not fit into our schedule. We intended to explore the southern coast of Crete. I hesitated a minute and stopped the motors. There was no committee I had to report to for a change of schedule. Neither was there any logic behind abandoning that schedule. Falco's hesitant account appeared to be uncorrelated with our aims. But forty years of exploration had repeatedly proved to me that the deductive process of thinking—vertical thinking—although it is a powerful tool, rarely leads to breakthrough discoveries. On the other hand, lateral thinking—the process by which the mind scans events or facts that are apparently uncorrelated to see if there



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is not, in reality, a hidden correlation—has often led us, and many others, to important breakthroughs.

WHAT followed has been an endless thrill. Falco's "heap of stones" proved to be a large submerged man-made harbor of probable Minoan origin. Then, reverting to vertical deduction, we thought that since there had been a harbor on that desolate piece of rock, there must also have been human settlements. From our helicopter we made a photo mosaic of the island, revealing several villages or towns and a huge cyclopean fortification system totally razed today. We also found Minoan pottery and one Minoan terracotta idol exposed on land although no excavation was made. Then we carried out a three-month full-scale underwater excavation of the sunken harbor that confirmed all our theories.

Five thousand years ago, according to these theories, the island of Dia was a paradise, covered with woods, refreshed by large rivers, a paradise where Theseus eloped for a famous honeymoon with Ariadne, daughter of Minos, after he killed the Minotaur. Then the island was progressively deforested, in order to build or repair ships and to cook meals in thousands of homes. Dia succumbed to overpopulation, probably 4,000 years ago, leaving us to decipher a harsh lesson of ecology. Then, 500 years later, the explosion of the volcanic island of Santorini projected billions of tons of rocks and cinders over Dia and Crete, obscuring the sky in Egypt for weeks and possibly generating the myth of the plagues of Egypt. But mainly, this volcanic eruption, the most powerful ever to have shaken man's history, caused the collapse of Santorini's caldera, which raised a 300-foot tidal wave that washed the island clean of its fortifications, villages, towns, roads, harbors. Ever since, Dia has remained a desolate rock.

When man explores for resources, his motivations are clear. They are what we superficially call "logic." But why would we on the *Calypso* team spend one full year of our lives and more than $2 million just to raise only a tiny corner of the veil that shrouds our distant past?

What are the origins of the devouring curiosity that drives men to commit their lives, their health, their reputation, their fortunes, to the conquest of a bit of knowledge, to stretch a little our physical, emotional, and intellectual territory?

The more time I spend observing nature, the more I believe that man's motivation for exploration is but the sophistication of a universal, instinctive drive deeply ingrained in all living creatures.

Life is growth: individuals and species grow in size, in number, in territorial appetite. The peripheral manifestation of growing is exploring the outside world.

Plants develop in the most favorable direction, which implies that they have explored the others and found them less adequate. Some plants send shoots—that is, feelers—great distances before they claim the space that has been acknowledged propitious.

For individual animals the world is to be explored and discovered from birth on, and for them, until they die, the wilderness is infinite; and infinity, for a tuna, is the vast ocean. In the animal world the physical need for exploration develops in collectivities as well: tribes, schools, packs—all reach out for new horizons.

In fact, although the baby human being shows the same motivation as a kitten to use all his sensors to explore the strange environment he was born into, the big difference is that the little baby soon stands erect. In the slow evolutionary process, the difference came when, as Ovid said:

> *God elevated the forehead of man*
> *and ordered him to contemplate*
> *the stars.*

No other chant has better celebrated the "advent of the mind." Unlike the kitten's, the little boy's drive to explore is soon curtailed temporarily, by language conveying warnings from the parents. The human species is the only one that has the ability to transfer, through language, printed material, and electronic media, the results of the exploration of the world performed by previous generations to new waves of men. Thus most individuals find their hunger and thirst for discovery satiated by learning. Learning and experience are factors that often extinguish curiosity. But, of course, for those who suffer from perpetual intellectual thirst, learning is a fabulous springboard.

When a plant (wisteria, for example) creeps over a wall, the shoots become the privileged parts of the plant, those that are favored with the largest circulation of sap. The exploring part of a plant, of a creature, of a crowd, is always the most vigorous, the most enterprising.

In the conquest of the West, the American pioneers, from a purely social standpoint, were often European outlaws or very rough adventurers, but biologically they were the cream of Europe. And it took Europe more than a century to recover from that loss of substance that fertilized America.

When the *impulse to explore*, built into each individual human being, is confined or antagonized by a rigid social or familial structure, it may be bent into unnatural drives—alcoholism, drug abuse, or sexual perversions. Drug addicts are perverted explorers.

Today, most modern explorations, no longer on the scale of an individual, require collective effort. They project the mind inside out. When the tools (money, technology, instruments) are not there, some human minds, by contrast, turn themselves outside in, looking toward "immediate knowledge" through inner contemplation.

The exploration drive—pure, natural—is associated with risk, freedom, initiative, and lateral thinking. Its enemies are security, responsibility, red tape, and exclusively vertical thinking.

Etymology may help us grasp some hidden meanings of exploration: In Latin, *pluere* means "to flow." *Explorare* literally means "to make to flow." And my blue frontier, the sea, is ready to flow in our fluid minds.

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## Cousteau Society Briefs

The *Calypso* team, using a side-scan sonar, has located the colossal *Britannic*, a British hospital ship during World War I. Her huge bulk lies portside 363 feet under water, east of the island of Mikronisos, near Athens.

The *Britannic* was sunk on November 21, 1916. Of the 900 crew members and 2,500 doctors and stricken soldiers aboard, thirty died and forty-five were wounded.

The full story behind the *Britannic*'s demise, however, is shrouded in mystery. Was the ship really carrying arms, as the Germans believed? Soon, with the advanced techniques of helium diving, we will uncover the answer.

The team has also discovered the royal French ship *La Thérèse*. Louis XIV sent the ship to help in the Venetian struggle against the Turks. *La Thérèse* sank north of Heraklion during the battle of Candia, and only four of 600 men aboard survived.

Among the ruins, *Calypso* divers have found artifacts indicative of life aboard a seventeenth-century warship, as well as skeletons of the sailors who drowned near the weapons they manned. ◉


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# Diversions

## Who's Blind as a Bat?

by Leo Rosten

*"Blind as a bat . . ."*
Why in the world do people accept and pass along information as false as that?

Bats see. All bats can see. In fact, some bats have extremely good eyesight.

In the dead of night or in the dark of a cave, bats do not need to see because they squeak, through their mouths or noses, at a pitch above the range of human hearing; the echoes bounce back and guide them so they do not hit a wall or other solid object. The echoes also enable them to zero in on flying food (insects). This sonic gimmick, one of nature's most ingenious, is known as echolocation. *Ecco!*

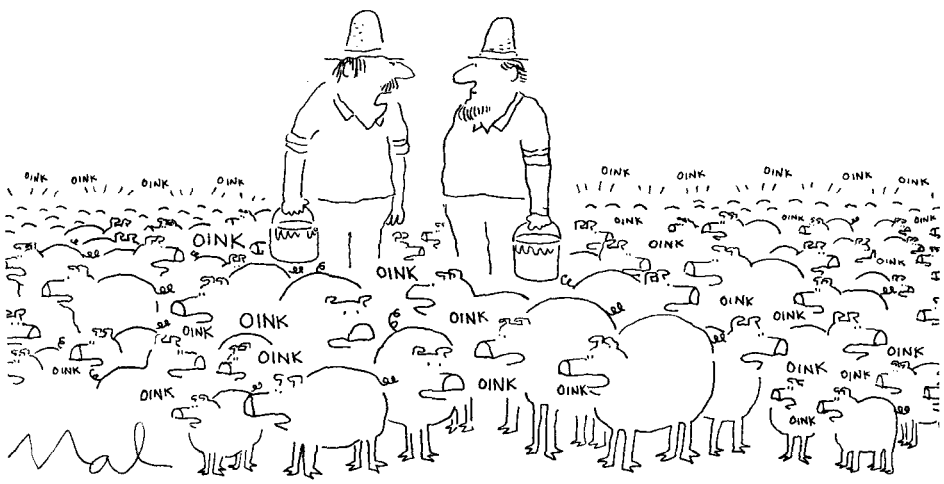
*"No man is a hero to his valet."*
I never have understood the chortles of approval that this supposed sagacity has won down the years. "No man is a hero to his valet" is attributed, by one or another authority, to Madame de Sévigné, Napoleon, de Condé, la Bruyère, and—for all I know—to Julius Caesar's hair-weaver. My wife thinks the *bon mot* originated with her cousin Balthazar Nayfish, who also claims to have coined "A straight line is the shortest distance between two joints," "Hell hath no fury like a woman's corns," and other revolting zingers.

Now, how important can a valet's opinions really be? What insight into a man's mind or a woman's meaning can be extracted from the way he hikes up his socks, she peels her artichoke, or they address his proctologist? I have read a good many "inside," "intimate" books about notable men and women by chauffeurs, butlers, paramours, faith healers, even masseuses (masseuses are not to be confused with mezuzahs), but not one of these "Frank! Unexpurgated! Tells All!" tattletales significantly sharpened my understanding of either the protagonist or the valet.

There is no more reason to expect a valet to understand a hero than there is to expect a barnacle to explain a hull. If valets had talent, they would have valets of their own. Like most other servants, valets adore you if you pay them too much, flatter them too often, and give them expensive presents. These are ignoble reasons for affection, much less admiration.

One of Rosten's Laws runs so: "A valet's testimony tells you more about valets than heroes."

*"The Robber Barons were scoundrels who exploited the people until Congress passed laws which prevented such depredations."*




*"To tell you the truth, I've just about had it with 'an oink oink here, an oink oink there, here an oink, there an oink, everywhere an oink oink.' "*

Matthew Josephson coined the "Robber Barons" sobriquet, and his book of that name has become some sort of classic. Josephson electrified and outraged us with indisputable data about these shameless buccaneers of capitalism, who lined their pockets by picking ours.

Today, historians with no unground axes or bleeding hearts reveal that these predators pulled off their most scandalous capers only through collusion with, and crucial assistance from, agencies of government. Public officials were the ones who created and protected the wolves.

Railroads, for instance, got stupendous subsidies from federal or state laws, then farmed out the costly construction or expansion to phony subcontractors: themselves. The notorious Erie Gang (Gould, Fisk, Drew) made their bonanzas through secret stock manipulations only because New York's legislature was controlled by the public servants whom the villains bribed. The Californians known as the Big Four (Stanford, Hopkins, Crocker, Huntington) operated through shmeared puppets in Sacramento: the Central Pacific Railroad became one of the most brazen flimflams in our history—because the Robber Barons were given a government monopoly on certain rail routes. At one point you could send freight to San Francisco by *ship*, all the way around South America, for much less than the legally protected Central Pacific charged to haul it.

To nail the case down, compare the records of competitive and "unprotected" railroads. Vanderbilt and Hill and the railroads they ran without any government payola or monopoly were more profitable to their stockholders and much cheaper to shippers than was the Central Pacific. The Eastern empire-builders did not steal a dime from the taxpayers—in "subsidies."

You will find a slew of similarly startling revelations in *The Incredible Bread Machine*, a little book written by six young researchers at the World Research Institute in San Diego. I beg all true believers in public ownership or federal regulations to read it. The book takes ninety minutes to scan but ninety hours to ponder. The 192 pages send fresh breezes through "progressive" but erroneous clichés about our wicked capitalist system.

But the Robber Baron story continues to be taught in our colleges just as Matthew Josephson originally (and innocently) told it. I wish more teachers of economics were—blind as a bat. ◉

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# Curmudgeon-at-Large

## The 9's Have It

by Cleveland Amory

A LADY from Omaha, Neb., wrote us recently, "It really takes a curmudgeon to get the answers to so many questions and problems in the world today."

Aye, that it does, lady, and we're very glad that you appreciate us. Keep those problems coming, folks. No curmudgeon worth his salt—and we are certainly worth that—ever heard a question to which he didn't know the answer.

In any case, this woman wants to know why it is that, in the field of retail pricing, everyone is so "crazy," as she puts it, about the figure "nine." "Absolutely everything," she says, "has a nine in it—groceries, hardware, even auto parts and things from mail-order houses." What's more, she enclosed samples. A portable gas grill, we see, is, *embarras de richesse*, $99.99. A crank-lift umbrella, $24.99. A seven-position redwood chaise is $18.99. (Gee, just *seven* positions. There should have been nine of them, too.)

Then, you go on up. A movie camera, $149.99. And, sure enough, a three-bedroom home, $5,999.95. Now let's see that again. Three bedrooms for $5,999.95? Ninety-*five*? What do you suppose is wrong with the place? Oh, we get it. "Does not include basement, cupboards, chimney, plumbing, heating, kitchen wiring, or paint." No wonder it's just ninety-five.

The amazing thing is that even the values to which they compare fixed prices have nines in them. An electric lawn mower, for example, that sells for $129.99 is described as a $149.99 value.

And why so many nines? Easy. Women love the figure nine. It looks like a woman, you see. What's that you say? So does the figure eight? Listen, *we're* the curmudgeon, and *we* make the jokes around here.

**Economic Note**—from a letter to the editor in the *Muncie Evening Press*, passed on by Kirby Koriath:

Chrome and copper are enough. In this world there are only two commercial sources of chrome ore. One of the sources is Rhodesia. The other is Russia. Chrome, aside from its use in automobile bumpers, is the prime component of stainless steel. . . . Copper's indispensability to our society is self-evident. But the communist pattern is evident. They were recently very big in Chile, a major copper producing country.

We are already paying a great price for the lack of intesticle fortitude by this Congress.

All we want to know is—was that a typo or wasn't it?

**Headline of the Month**—as found by Susan Lader, of Augusta, Ga., in the Augusta *Herald*:

THAI PHEASANTS VOTE A RESOUNDING "NO" TO LEFTIST CAUSES

Let's hear it again, for the right wing.

**Music to Our Ears Dept.**—as come across by Carolyn Inglesby, who read it in the Maywood, N.J., *News South*:

After a most successful "Afternoon at Lincoln Center," at which the Stuart W. Smith Singers performed to a capacity audience, they are now in rehearsal for their Winter Concert.

Along with the Adult Chorus, Mr. Smith also directs a Children's Choir and a Hand Ball Choir.

Well, it keeps them off the street. ◉

**Fraser Young**
**Literary Crypt No. 66**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.* *Answer on page 65.*

NJZHVT MGQIB BJZ
YWZOB VUWOCQL HK
YQFZJ OMHGB 3050
M.N. BJZX JZ KZIB MZB-
BZW. —NGVVU


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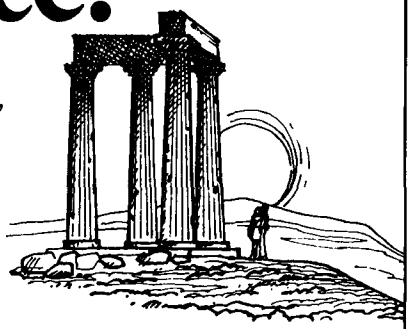

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IRAN AIR



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# Light Refractions

## Being in a Good Place

by Thomas H. Middleton

In a column called "Psycho-geography," I mentioned a woman who said, "It depends on where you are," and I said that what she meant was "It depends on the kind of person you are." I also mentioned Tom Hayden, who had said, "I come from a place that says if you just replace a man in office . . ." I objected because Hayden wasn't talking about a place; he was talking about his state of mind.

Carol Klopfer, of Gainesville, Fla., who is a psychotherapist, took me to task, quite correctly. "No," says Ms. Klopfer. "Where you are doesn't mean the kind of person you are. . . . I think it is an idea from existentialist psychology, in which a person is not a *kind* but a locus of moods, impulses, ideas, behaviors, external forces, etc., at a given point in time and space. It has a here-and-now, existence-not-essence connotation. . . .

"Similarly, coming from a 'place' (or, as people are saying these days, a 'space' or 'spot') is not the same as being in a state of mind. 'Place' underscores that there are noncognitive aspects involved. Tom Hayden was referring to his life experience, not merely his mental state."

Ms. Klopfer is right, of course, but I still think that that particular use of "place" tends to muddy the linguistic waters. The semantic perils may be greater than they at first appear.

Recently, one of our closest friends said of her daughter, "Kathy's in a good place." Perfectly ingenuously, I asked, "Where is she?" It turned out, of course, that she meant, "Kathy's fine," or, perhaps more precisely, "Kathy's at a good point in time and space."

There are, of course, lots of "place" images that are clearly metaphors. "Kathy's on cloud nine" and Kathy's in the dumps" convey their meaning unequivocally. But "Kathy's in a good place" strikes me as a rather muddy way of expressing the thought that Kathy's psyche is in a constant state of subtle change from moment to moment, just as your psyche and my psyche are, and at her here-and-now point she appears to be satisfactory.

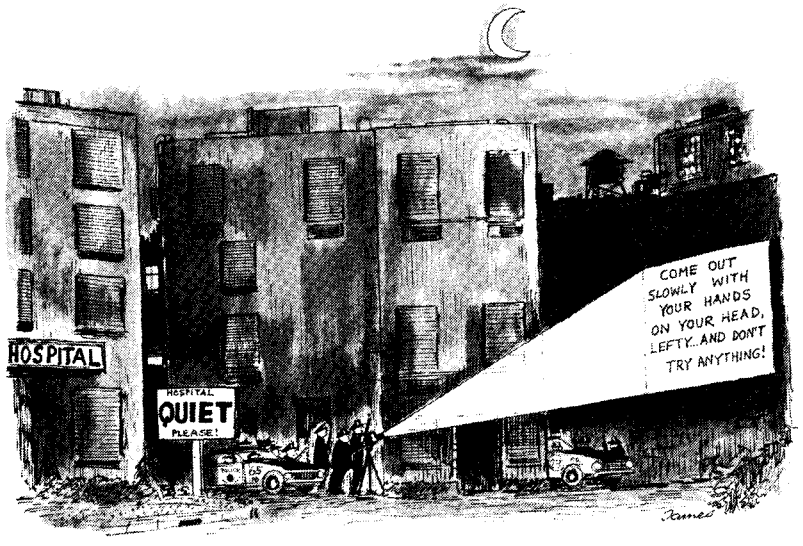
When Tom Hayden said, "I come from a place that says . . ." I suppose it was a shorthand way of saying, "The unidentifiable complex of innumerable influences that have affected my psyche up to this point in my spatial-temporal existence leads me to state that . . ." which is a cumbersome way of saying, "In my opinion . . ."

Ms. Klopfer says, "I for one think this way of speaking may represent an awareness—which has filtered down to the psychologically unsophisticated—that we are whole people always in process, not merely types who act only out of states of mind." I think she's right. My phrase "the kind of person you are" is far too static and expresses a connotation of pigeonholes, which psycho-geographic jargon eradicates.

The main problem I see in psycho-geography is that it tends to separate the individual from himself, in a way. I'm sure that Tom Hayden was not intentionally disavowing responsibility for his own opinion, but in effect that is what he did. Instead of taking full responsibility by saying, "I think that . . ." he said, "I come from a *place* that says . . ." We know what he means by that, but there's a semantic danger lurking there. It seems to me, in my relative lack of psychological sophistication, that if we emphasize too strongly this "always in process" aspect of human personality, we can lose touch with the fact that we are also types who act out of certain states of mind. There would never be any validity in such statements as "That's not like him" and "She could never say such a thing" if we were *not* types who act out of certain states of mind. A person's attitudes and opinions often do change, but essential characters change only rarely.

An existence-not-essence connotation might work as an exercise in freeing us from a stereotyping habit, and it's probably a beneficial psychotherapeutic tool in getting someone to see that he is not necessarily doomed forever to be, for example, what has come to be called a "loser" or some such thing—that he is capable of changing for the better.

The danger I see is that now, when the concept of individual responsibility is probably more vital than ever before, the semantic implication, though perhaps not the intent, of psycho-geography is an extreme diminution of individual responsibility. A locus of moods, impulses, ideas, behaviors, external forces, etc., at a given point in time and space cannot reasonably be held, or indeed hold itself, responsible for its actions or inactions. "I believe that . . ." implies an immediate personal commitment; "I come from a place that says . . ." doesn't, and that's basically what makes me feel uneasy about this place-space-spot jargon. I fervently hope that it is a passing fad popular with a limited cult and that it will not filter down too freely among us who are psychologically unsophisticated. ◉





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Answer to *Fraser Young Literary Crypt* No. 66 (see page 63): Cheops built the Great Pyramid of Gizeh about 3050 B.C. Then he felt better.—Cuppy


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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 47): Elah, heal, hale, Leah.

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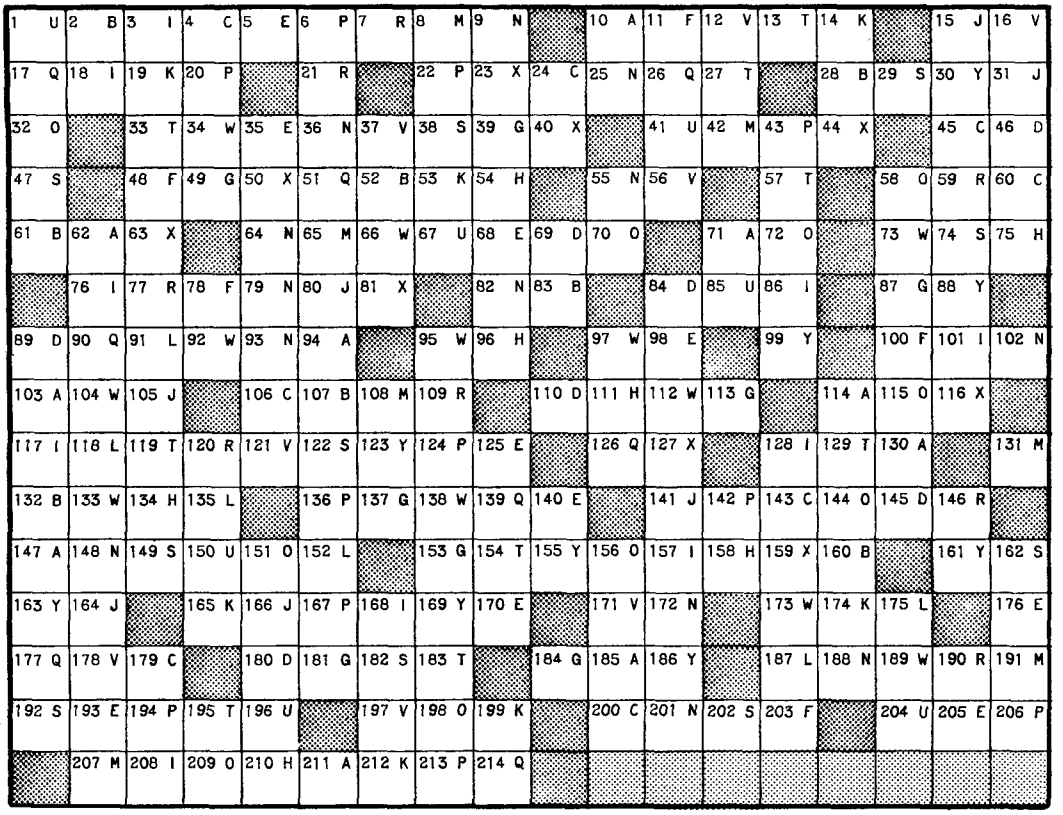
# Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton




## Number 106

### Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

| CLUES | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Swindler, con man | 62 71 103 114 147 185 10 94 130 211 |
| B. Interested in and responsive to others | 2 52 83 28 107 132 160 61 |
| C. Violent squall of the Strait of Magellan | 106 143 179 4 60 200 24 45 |
| D. Conduct | 46 84 110 145 180 69 89 |
| E. Metropolitan area, Northeast Pakistan | 125 140 176 205 5 35 68 98 170 193 |
| F. Obligations | 203 11 48 78 100 |
| G. "All that delirium of _____" (2 wds; Yeats, "September 1913") | 113 184 39 87 137 153 181 49 |
| H. Ancient city, west Asia Minor, south of Smyrna | 54 96 111 134 158 210 75 |
| I. Moody, capricious, vacillating | 101 157 208 3 76 117 168 18 86 128 |
| J. Film for which Liza Minnelli won an Oscar | 141 166 15 31 80 105 164 |
| K. Impedes | 174 212 19 165 199 14 53 |
| L. French poet, dramatist, novelist (1810–57; *Fantasio*) | 91 118 135 152 175 187 |
| M. Perversely | 207 8 42 191 65 108 131 |
| N. Nothing doing! No way! (4 wds.) | 172 201 9 36 102 188 55 79 148 25 82 64 93 |
| O. Billy (2 wds.) | 72 115 70 198 32 58 144 156 209 151 |
| P. Ill-fated (comp.) | 213 194 43 142 6 22 124 206 167 20 136 |
| Q. English historian and author (1800-59; *Lays of Ancient Rome*) | 139 177 17 51 90 26 126 214 |
| R. Award, honor | 77 120 146 7 59 21 109 190 |
| S. Unrestrained revelers | 192 149 74 122 38 182 29 162 202 47 |
| T. Perfidy | 154 183 13 57 119 129 195 33 27 |
| U. Aquatic plant having slender, sharply pointed leaves | 85 1 67 204 150 196 41 |
| V. Remainder | 178 16 56 197 171 12 121 37 |
| W. Nuptial song or poem | 34 189 66 173 73 112 104 138 92 97 95 133 |
| X. Projection at a corner of a door or window architrave | 50 40 159 116 127 23 44 63 81 |
| Y. Remembrances, tokens of friendship | 161 30 88 163 123 99 155 169 186 |

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 105* appears on page 48.



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